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THE  
Love-sick KING:

An *English*  
Tragical HISTORY.  
WITH  
The LIFE and DEATH  
OF  
*CARTESMUNDA*,  
THE  
Fair Nun of *Winchester*.

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Written by  
ANTHONY BREWER, Esq; R

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D U B L I N :

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THE  
LOVE-ACK KING:

TRAGIC HISTORY.

THE LIFE AND DEATH



THE MAN OF WINDSOR.

ANTHONY BROWNE, Esq.

DUBLIN.

Printed and Sold by W. M. GILBERT, at the  
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1881.





# DEDICATION.

T O

*James Dexter, Esq;*

S I R,

**A**DDRESSES, of this kind, are generally made, either to expect favours, or, an acknowledgement for benefits received. My motive is from the last: Since, from your benevolence and candour, I have received the greatest that can be given to one in my station of life. If I take this public manner of acknowledgement, it proceeds from a gratitude I could no longer conceal. An offence, like this, without your knowledge, *may* displease; but I know so much of the forgiving Temper, not only of you, and your's, that I choose to commit the fault, to have the pleasure of asking pardon.

As you are not fond of praise, however justly your due, I shall conclude, with saying, that if your rewards equall'd your merit, or my sincere wishes, you should live surrounded with prosperity to the final period of time. All that truly know you, join in the same sentiments with

*Your entirely obliged,*

*humble Servant,*

W. R. CHETWOOD.

# DEDICATION

T O

James D. Dwyer, Esq.

SIR,

YOUR RESPECTS, of which I am generally  
conscious, oblige me to express my  
gratitude for the interest you have  
taken in the publication of this  
little volume. I have no doubt that  
it will be found to contain many  
valuable facts, and I am confident  
that it will be read with interest  
by all who are engaged in the  
study of the history of the  
United States.

As you are not fond of public  
display, I shall not mention  
your name in the title of my  
volume, but I shall be glad to  
acknowledge your interest in the  
work.

Yours very truly,

James D. Dwyer

W. R. CHAPMAN



# OF THE AUTHOR.

I Can give no farther account of *ANTHONY BREWER*, Esq; the author of this play, but that he was a poet in great esteem; which may be gather'd from an old poem, call'd, *Steps to PARNASSUS*.

Let *Brewer* take his artful pen in hand,  
Attending Muses will obey command;  
Invoke the aid of *Shakespear's* sleeping clay,  
And strike, from utter darkness, new-born day.

He is the author of three plays.

I. *LINGUA*, or the combat of the tongue, and the five senses, for superiority, a comedy. Acted at *Cambridge*, 1606.

*Winstanly*, in his account of the dramatick poets, tells us, *Oliver Cromwell* play'd the part of *Tactus*, in this play, which he felt so warmly, that it first kindled his ambition.

Another author, points at the following speech, as a confirmation of this opinion.

Roses, and bays, pack hence! this crown and robe,  
My brows, and body, circles, and invests:  
How gallantly it fits me! sure the slave  
Measure'd my head, that wrought this coronet—  
They lie that say, complexions cannot change!  
My blood's enobled, and I am transform'd  
Unto the sacred temper of a king:  
Methinks, I hear my noble parasites  
Stiling me *Cæsar*, or great *Alexander*,  
Licking my feet.

II. *The COUNTRY GIRL*, a comedy.

III. *The LOVE-SICK KING*, 1629, 1633, and 1653.  
I have printed from this last edition, as appearing the most correct.

## Persons of the PLAY.

**ETHELDRED**, *King of England, slain.*

**ALVRED**, *his Brother, after disguised under the Name of Eldred, and at last King.*

**CANUTUS**, *King of Denmark, the Love-sick King.*  
*The King of Scotland.*

**EDMOND**, *Duke of Thetford.*

**EDULF**, and **EDELL**, *Lords.*

*1st Captain.*

*2d Captain.*

**OSBERT**, *the Rebel, Duke of Mertia.*

**ERKINWALD**, and **HAROLD**, *Lords of Denmark.*

**OSRICK**, **HOFFMAN**, and **HULDRICK**, *Danes.*

**MALCOLME**, *a Scot.*

*The Abbot of Winchester.*

**GOODGIFT**, *a Merchant of Newcastle.*

**RANDAL**, *a Coal-Merchant, Brother to Goodgift's Wife.*

**GEORGE**, *Factor to Goodgift.*

**THORNTON**, *the Pedlar.*

**GRIM**, *the Collier, Servant to Randal.*

*A Black-Smith.*

*A Gold-Smith.*

*A Workman.*

*Colliers.*

**ELGINA**, *Sister to Canutus, King of Denmark.*

**CARTESMUNDA**, *the fair Nun of Winchester.*  
*Wife to Goodgift, after, his Widow.*

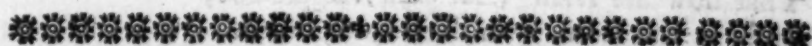
*The SCENE, ENGLAND.*





THE  
Love-sick KING.

A  
TRAGEDY.



ACT I.

*Enter king Etheldred, Alvred his brother, Edmond Duke of Thetford, Edulf, Edell earl of Hampshire, with their swords drawn, and some soldiers wounded before them. Alarms continuing afar off.*

KING.

**O** Stay, and hear me speak, my noble friends:  
My subjects, and my soldiers, hear your king:  
In nine set battles 'gainst these red-hair'd Danes,  
Hath *Etheldred* with various fortunes fought,  
To rescue you, and *England*, from these brutes:  
Recal your spirits; this city, *Winchester*, is all our strength,  
And, if you cease to fight, the foe comes on  
With bloody rage, and sad destructive spoil.

*1st Capt.* The breach is made, the *Danes* rush o'er the  
walls,  
And, like the pent up ocean 'bove his banks,  
Falls



Falls from his height with roaring violence,  
And drowns us all in blood.

*Alv.* Despair not, countrymen,  
We yet may beat them back; arm, arm, for fight.

*Edm.* The *Danes* are in the streets, slaughter begins!  
And execution is their soldiers call.

O! will you lay your throats beneath their swords;  
Or doth your danger make you desperate?  
Your houses will be preys to fire and theft.

*King.* Your wives, and daughters, slaves to *Danish* lust.

*Alv.* Your children in their mothers arms struck dead.

*Edm.* The names of *English*, torn from memory:  
Oh! let your valour in one chance be try'd,  
Or quite extirpe a nation from the world.

*King.* See, on my knees, I pray you, for yourselves;  
O 'tis for *England's* safety, not my own,  
That I intreat, to save you from destruction.  
Pity your king, your country, and yourselves,  
That now are falling; let your valours rise,  
And, in one blow, gain liberty, or death.

*Alv.* Now, by my princely birth (my royal brother)  
His sight amazes more than all the *Danes*;  
Rise, rise, and speak no more; away, away;  
The stones will sooner yield you aid than cowards!

*2d Capt.* Rip up our breasts, and see our loyal hearts,  
To fight and die for you, in this just cause;  
But death hath seized us; all our bloods are wasted,  
And, through our many wounds, our souls exhausted.

*1st Capt.* And since we can no more, O let your swords  
Take swift revenge, and save the *Danes* a labour;  
In killing us, you ease our present woes.

[Alarm and cries within.]

Enter Edell.

*Ed.* Fly, royal princes, save your lives by flight,  
The day looks clouded, there's no hope of safety;  
The traiterous *Osbert*, duke of *Mertia*,  
Makes head against you, and, with all his troops,  
Enters the city gates, guards in the *Danes*,  
Triumphs in slaughter, thorough every street.  
The aged father of *St. Swithin's* abbey,  
That, with his holy cross between his hands,

Mounted

## The Love-sick KING.

9

Mounted the walls to urge the soldiers on,  
To fight for freedom and religion,  
Seeing this treason, hath retired himself,  
And, on the holy altar, heaves his hands,  
Awaiting death : The chaste religious maids, with *Carthes-*  
*munda*,

Their fair governess, flock to the temple,  
As their last resort ; hoping that sacred shrine  
May shield their virtue and their innocence.

*King.* Come, princely *Alvred*, my noble brother,  
Let's seek to stop their pressing through the city ;  
If we must die —

*Alv.* Why then, 'tis but our fate ;  
Which, even 'till death, close by thy side I'll wait.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Alarm.* Enter *Osbert*, *Erkinwald*, *Harold*, and the Danes,  
crying, kill, kill. The wounded soldiers rise and fight ;  
so them, the King, *Alvred*, and the English, who are  
driven out, and the king slain.

*Edm.* Seek for your safety, fir, the king is dead.

*Alv.* See, noble *Edmond*, what the Danes have done !  
A king, by heaven, created for a crown,  
Now only made fit for a golden urn ;  
Betray'd to death, and slaughter, pityless.

*Edm.* Curse on the traitor's heart that wrought this  
treason,  
Rebellious *Osbert*, that betray'd'st thy country.

*Alv.* Leave his reward to heaven, that will avenge it ;  
And, brave duke *Edmond*, since the times are such,  
Let's take disguise with speed, and seek for safety :  
If heaven be pleased, brave lord, we yet may live.  
Haste, and summon all thy friends in *Norfolk* ;  
If I escape with life, I'll post to *Scotland* ;  
*Donald*, the king, is of a noble spirit,  
And will not slack, I know, to send his aid  
Against this common foe to both our kingdoms.  
There thou shalt meet me, tho' our journey's long ;  
We'll once again renew this dreadful wa.

*Edm.* Spoke like the hope of *England* ! Royal prince!  
Shake hands in this red city, and then part,

For,

For, in thy quarrel, I will live and die.

*Alv.* First bear hence this cold clay of majesty,  
Our hapless brother, and revenge his death.

*Edm.* That, and what else may but express thy worth  
And title to the crown, I'll still pursue,  
Or may black infamy my baseness tell.

*Alv.* My soul shall quit thy love. Brave prince, fare-  
wel. [Exeunt severally.]

*Alarm.* Enter Canutus king of Denmark, Elgina his  
sister, Erkinwald, Osbert, Harold, Osrick, soldiers.

*Os.* The city's won, my lord, the king is slain,  
And, great *Canutus*, with his royal troops,  
May take possession of this conquer'd town.

*Can.* Thy love, sincere brave *Osbert* duke of *Mertin*,  
Revolting from the *English* to our part,  
Has overturn'd the city *Winchester*,  
Drown'd in the blood of kingly *Etheldred*  
And all his host. Hie thee, duke *Erkinwald*,  
Conduct our beauteous sister to our tent:  
You shall go back, *Elgina*, strongly guarded,  
'Till, with our swords, we clear all passages  
That may oppose our peaceful entrance.  
Stand on yon hill, and hear the *English* groans,  
While trumpets sound the *Danish* victories.  
Conduct her, *Erkinwald*.

*Elg.* The Gods protect my noble brother's safety,  
And crown thy brows with wreaths of victory.

*Can.* Duke *Harold*, take our guards, and march before,  
Ransack the temple, and each private house;  
Who bears the name of *English*, strike him dead:  
This day the kingdom is, by conquest, ours.

*Os.* Long may it so remain to great *Canutus*:  
An hundred thirty years, the *English* kings  
Have paid just tribute to the royal *Danes*;  
Which, now re-conquer'd, with assured hopes  
To hold possession of the realm in peace.  
Usurping, and disloyal *Etheldred*,  
Thus *Osbert*, sets his foot upon thy head,  
That was anointed late, with precious balm,  
Rejoicing, that, by me, thy pride is fall'n.

*Can.*

## The Love-sick KING.

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*Can.* Forbear, brave *English* lord; remember this,  
He was a king; let not thy subject foot  
Tread on thy sovereign's head: Take off his crown,  
And, when the slaughter's past, present it to us,  
And we will then reward thy faithful service.  
Enter the town; spare neither sex nor age:  
Whip out this *English* race, with iron rods,  
The vanquish'd are but men, the victors, gods.

[*Exeunt.*

*Alarm.* A great cry within. Enter abbot, bearing a cross,  
*Cartesmunda*, with two tapers burning, which she placeth  
on the altar, two, or three nuns, following.

*Abb.* Come, holy virgins, hie you to the altar.

*Cart.* The raging foe pursues, defend us, heaven!  
Take virgin tears, the balm of martyr'd saints,  
As tribute due to thy tribunal throne;  
With thy right hand, keep us from rage and murder;  
Let not our danger fright us, but our sins:  
Misfortunes touch our bodies, not our souls.

*Abb.* Fair *Cartesmunda*! bright illustrious maid!  
O be thou constant in this day of tryal.  
Virtue is vice, unless it persevere.

*Cart.* Upon my knees, to you, and heaven, I swear,  
When I do yield my virgin vow to lust,  
In the soft twines of an insatiate bed,  
May I give up the treasure of my youth  
To such a man, whose lust, and poison'd breath,  
May soon reward my sin, and be my death.

[*Alarm.* Follow, follow.

*Abb.* Hark! hark! the bloody foe has forced the  
temple.

Turn boldly, and be constant; the tryal's come.

*Alarm.* Enter *Canutus*, *Erkinwald*, *Harold*, *Hoffman*,  
*Osrick*, soldiers.

*Can.* On! on! kill all, spare none; this by *Canutus*  
dies.

Ha! who holds my conquering hand? what power un-  
known,

By magick, thus transforms me to a statue,

Senseless



Senseless of all the faculties of life?

My blood runs back, I have no power to strike.

Call in our guards, and bid them all give o'er,

Sheath up your swords with me, and cease to kill:

Her angel-beauty cries, she must not die,

Nor live but mine: O I am strangely touch'd!

Methinks, I lift my sword against myself,

When I oppose her — All perfection!

O see! the pearly dew drops from her eyes!

Arise in peace; fair soul, will you be mine?

*Cart.* If you be death, not else.

*Can.* Here is his power; for, if my wrath thou move,

This blow shall rid my heart of torturing love:

Pale death's effect shall take away the cause,

And I be free as air — Thou forceress!

That stay'st my hand with witchcraft, and with charms:

I will unwind thy cunning exorcisms. —

Rare beauteous virgin, will you love *Caustus*?

*Cart.* When, to these bodies dead, thou givest new life,  
I then will love thee.

*Can.* I'll give thee death, as those in blood have fall'n,  
And thou shalt die.

We will withdraw; then kill her.

*Cart.* And I am ready. Tyrant, do thy worst.

*Can.* Hold, traitor, hold; thou hast kill'd thy sovereign.

Does she not bleed? O love, how strong's thy fear!

All *England* shall not buy this jewel from me.

Did'st thou strike her?

*Har.* I had not drawn my sword, you came so sudden.

*Can.* Nor never may'st thou draw it 'gainst her life,  
So she be pleas'd to love.

*Cart.* To hate thee, I will love, but never love thee.

*Can.* Grant me thy love, my royalties are thine,

And thou shalt strike the sun blind with thy lustre,

In ornaments more rich, than is the treasure

Hid in the unknown bottom of the sea;

And for thy pleasures —

*Cart.* Peace, sleek flatterer. Thou seek'st to violate

My virgin vows, with thy enchanting tongue,

Which, e'er I break,

The



The heavens shall fright the earth ; saints prove unjust,  
Death lose his power, e'er I embrace thy lust.

*Can.* She turns me wild with rage, and passion ;  
I'll rip thy bosom up, to see that wonder,  
A constant woman's heart : Sure thine is flint,  
Yet thus I'll pierce it, were it adamant : Oh !

[*He offers to strike, and his sword falls.*]

*Erk.* My royal lord.

*Har.* Great prince, recall your spirits.

*Can.* I'm struck with light'ning, from the torrid zone ;  
Stand all betwixt me, and that flaming sun ;  
Yet do not : Let her heat in death be spent.  
Go, *Erkinwald*, convey her to my tent.  
Let her be guarded with more watchful eyes  
Than heaven has stars, set in a frosty night :  
If here she stay, I shall consume to death,  
'Tis time must give my passions remedy.  
Art thou not gone ? Kill him that gazeth on her ;  
For all that see her, sure must doat like me,  
And treason, for her, will be wrought against us.  
Be sudden — to our tents — pr'ythee away,  
The hell on earth, is love, that brings delay.

[*Exit Erkinwald with Cartesmunda.*]

*Har.* The duke of *Mertia*, with the *English* crown,  
Attends the pleasure of my lord, the king.

*Can.* Present him to us : O, obdurate maid !  
The *English* crown, is valueless to thee.

*Enter Osbert.*

*Osb.* Low as obedience, thus, the vanquish'd *English*  
Yields subject duty to the kingly *Dane* ;  
And, with this conquer'd crown, our lives, and honours.

*Can.* You please us well, duke *Osbert* ; come, invest us,  
Thy warlike hand, shall crown *Canutus*' brow ;  
For, by thy aid, this realm is ours by conquest.

*Osb.* Long live *Canutus*, mighty king of *Danes* ;  
Of *Denmark*, *Norway*, and of *England*, king. [*Flourish.*]

*Can.* Thanks, duke of *Mertia*. We must now remem-  
ber,  
That, by thy late revolt, we won this city,

Slew *Etheldred*, the lord of many thousands.  
Now, for reward; which shou'd have come before,  
Thou never shalt crown king, nor subject, more.  
Off with his head.

*Os.* My lord. —

*Can.* A guard, I say; stop up the traytor's mouth:  
Let us have fear, not love. Man's nature will be bold  
Where it is lik'd: A kingdom got by blood,  
Must so be kept. — I will not hear him speak;  
Away with him! Bring me his wisdom's head  
Into my tent; there we'll converse.

*Os.* Heaven's wrath is just. [Exit with guard.

*Can.* Here was it that I saw that blazing star,  
Whose bright aspect promis'd a general peace  
To this affrighted kingdom. Torches, slaves;  
The night comes on us; we are all in darkness;  
Prepare my bed; we'll rest us, after toil,  
And sleep. Thou mother of forgetfulness, drown all my  
thoughts

That e'er I saw this virgin, make her a stranger  
To my memory, that I may joy in this,  
Not die for love. *Hoffman*, her looks are heaven;  
Her eyes are *Cupid's* darts. Go, bring her to me:  
Art not gone yet, slave? It is an embassy  
Too good for *Hermes*, the herald of the Gods.  
Thou shalt meet lightning, yet on thou must. Go,  
Ask that weeping nun — dost hear me?  
Art not gone? Were *Hellen* now alive, this maid alone  
Would stain her beauty, and new *Troy* should burn.  
*Paris* would die again, to live to see her. — O bring me  
her,

Dull slave, with reverence: Let not the sun  
Be more out-worshipp'd by the tann'd *Barbarian*.  
Tell her, a bleeding lover sent thee to her,  
And name me, if thou chance to see her smile.  
Thou hast not forgot my name.

*Hoff.* No, my good lord.

*Can.* Let me not spurn thee; go,  
Fetch me some wine; we'll war a while with love.  
Fair *Phædra*, who, in *Corinth*, once was found,  
Compared to her, as different they wou'd show,

As fable ebony, to Alpine snow.  
When first I saw her at the holy altar,  
Surely, the Gods, more careful of her life  
Than of a mass of souls, brought me unto her;  
And fix'd my soul to her's. — Let me have musick.

*Enter Hoffman.*

But thou preventest us, with a better sound.  
The accent of her name, strikes musick dumb;  
For she is air of all perfection. — Her name?

*Hoff.* Her three times sacred name; most royal king;  
Is *Cartesimunda*, a religious nun.

*Can.* It needs no epithet to express the name,  
For *Cartesimunda* is the world's bright orb. —  
I charge thee, *Osrick*, strait conduct her to me:  
Her sacred name is *Cartesimunda* call'd.  
I fear a harder task to conquer her,  
Than all the spacious bounds of *Barbary*.  
Had the Gods none to take my glory from me,  
But a weak woman? O strange destin'd fate!  
Ten worlds in arms against *Canutus*' crown, could not —

*Enter Osrick, and Cartesimunda.*

See, the day breaks! Look where *Aurora* comes!  
And see the morning's dew falls from her eyes,  
Begetting sweeter flowers, than those of *May*,  
From the glad ravish'd earth. O, tell me fair!  
Speak, *English* maid, how camest thou to my sight?  
What makest thou here? Camest thou to murder me?

*Cart.* What all my friends have found, but wretched I,  
I seek for death, to end my misery.

*Can.* Thou canst not find him, for thou art immortal.  
Death wou'd die for thee, if he ever saw thee,  
And, for thy sake, make blunt his ebon dart.  
Pray, weep no more; he prays, that might command:  
We will not force the jewel thou so prizest,  
'Till thou bequeath it freely to my youth.  
We are o' th' eagles kind, and scorn to stoop  
To an ignoble thought. Sweet, will you hear me:  
'Twas king *Canutus* fetch'd that sigh you heard.  
Still turn aside! Well, if you loath me, leave me:

There lies your way: Yet be advised, fond maid:  
 No sooner shalt thou pass forth from my sight,  
 But the base soldiers will lay hold on thee,  
 And, what I value above religion, will not be thus much  
 there.

They'll ravish thee; and, therefore, pr'ythee stay.  
 With tears, I pray thee. Thou frosty *April*,  
 Woo't not love, for love? Do't then, for honour, pleasure,  
 majesty.

What! ungentle still! Then get thee from my sight:  
 Go to the woods, and learn of wilder beasts  
 A little pity: You preserve chastity, with a foul sin,  
 Ingratitude. Good night; yet stay, we are strangers,  
 We may kiss at parting: Thou hast infused  
*Promethean* fires into me. I have two lives,  
 Yet none of them my own. Fair *Cartesmunda*!  
 If thou wilt be gone, bid me good night;  
 Though in some Language that I understand not.

*Cart.* Good night, my lord.

*Can.* When shall I have thy love?

*Cart.* When men shall cease to think there is a God,  
 Or any thing more strange: Alas! great prince!  
 My chastity, stands at the bar above;  
 My life I owe to you, but not my love.

*Can.* So young, and full of grey-hair'd piety!  
 In vain I shoot against a wall of brass,  
 That sends mine own shafts back upon myself.  
 I must choose fitter time to conquer thee.  
 Lights, and a double guard t' attend my love.  
 Fairest, good rest. — Be duteous in her care.  
 I'll wake with thought of thee, and then, with tears.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Manet* Erkinwald, Harold, Captain.

*Erk.* The king is love-sick, *Harold*; join thy powers,  
 And round begirt this city *Winchester*;  
 Beset the ways, let not the *English* 'scape,  
 That stood the siege, and sack of this fair town.

*Har.* I think, there's few escaped, the king is slain,  
 And *England* now submits to th' conquering *Dane*.

*Erk.*



*Erk.* Prince *Alvred*, the brother to the king,  
And *Edmond* duke of *Thetford*, both are 'scaped,  
And may raise powers afresh : Therefore, be careful.

*Enter Elgina.*

*Har.* Doubt not, my lord. See, here comes the prince.  
[*Exit.*

*Erk.* Madam, I bring you dear commends from *Canutus*,

*England* is won, and the white flag of peace  
Is rear'd upon the ruins of this city.  
King *Etheldred* is slain, and great *Canutus*  
Invested with his crown, and dignity:  
What conquest can be more?

*Elg.* That you subdue your thoughts.  
Good sir, give o'er, 'till I have conference with the king.

*Erk.* And then you'll love?

*Elg.* 'Till then, I'll love no other.

*Enter two soldiers, dragging in Alvred, in disguise.*

*1st Sold.* Drag him along; he's *English*, and must die.  
Come forward, sir.

*Alv.* Ye cannot fright me; 'tis my wish to die,  
And I, that seek it, scoff at all your threats.  
O, for fair *England's* good, and my lost powers!  
Mine be the suffering, and the glory thine.

*Erk.* What prisoner have our *Danish* soldiers got?

*2d Sold.* One of the straggling *English*, my good lord,  
And now are leading him, to have him tortured.

*Erk.* Let him come near us. Say, what art thou?

[*Whispers with Alvred.*

*Elg.* Some God, I think, disguised in human shape,  
Come down, to court us, with bewitching looks.  
There's something tells me, if my thoughts speak truth,  
To thee I owe the pleasure of my life.

*Erk.* Was that thy fortune; it had been better far  
Th' had'st fall'n, amongst thy friends, in this dread war,  
Than live to further shame. Away, and hang him.

*Elg.* Stay, good my lord.

*Erk.* Madam, forbear; the king hath sworn the deaths  
Of all that barr'd his entrance to this city;



They scorn'd his proffer'd peace, and now must perish.  
This may suffice, he's *English*, and must die.

*Elg.* If all the *English* perish, then must I;  
For I, (now know) in *England* here, was bred;  
Although descended of the *Danish* blood,  
King *Hardiknute*, my father, thirty years,  
Govern'd th' one half of this fair kingdom,  
Where I, was born an *English* princess:  
Therefore, I pray, my lord, set this man free,  
Let me bestow his life, and liberty.  
I'll beg it of the king.

*Erk.* Madam, 'tis your's. Go, soldiers, take this gold;  
And let our word to you, discharge your prisoner.

*1st Sold.* It shall my lord. Wou'd we were rid of all  
the *English* thus. [*Exeunt soldiers.*]

*Elg.* Pray, sir, resolve me, what has your fortunes been?

*Alv.* The worst of woes, fair princess; I have lived  
To see my country ruin'd, my friends murder'd,  
Myself condemn'd to die, and; but for you,  
I had been dead; that life I have, is yours.

*Elg.* Comfort yourself, henceforth you shall be mine.  
Attend this noble lord, 'tis for your good;  
Where mildness conquers, we must shed no blood.

*Erk.* You are all compact of love and mercy.  
Come, beauteous madam, you must leave the tents,  
To entertain the glorious great *Canutus*,  
Whom you must comfort; for the love-sick king  
Sits sadly doating on a beauteous nun.

*Elg.* Is it possible, my lord, the king, our brother,  
In midst of conquest, shou'd be *Cupid's* slave.

*Erk.* Such is love's power; it flies with swiftest wings,  
And 'midst his armed guards, he woundeth kings.

*Elg.* *Venus* defend me! if he be thus powerful,  
We shall be all soldiers, and these stern wars  
Must be transform'd into love's encounters.  
Well, my good lord, we'll see this *English* wonder  
My brother so admires; call for our guard, and train.

*Erk.* They are ready, madam.

*Elg.* Go you before then,  
Look to your prisoner, lest he run away.

Erk. O fear not, lady. — Come, sir.

[*Exeunt Erkinwald, and Alvred.*]

Elg. Wou'd he wou'd run, so he wou'd go with me.

By *Jove* I love him, but 'tis bashfulness

That thus makes women hide their secret thoughts

Even 'till we burst and die; we must not love;

Yea, though it be offer'd, we must still refuse

With fond denial, what we wish to chuse,

I see no sense for this. Well, amorous youth,

For thy sake, I'll teach women what to do,

And, spite of custom, will begin to woo.

[*Exit.*]



## ACT II.

*Enter Thornton, with needles, and a lamb's skin, singing.*

THORNTON.

**B**E gone, be gone, my juggy, my puggy,

Be gone my love, my dear;

My money is gone,

And ware I have none,

But one poor lamb's skin here.

Why so? and who buys this lamb's skin, now? a most fine, dainty, nappy, lamb's skin. If a lady wou'd line her petticoat, a sweeter lamb's-skin cannot kiss her catastrophe. Let me see, how often do I transform myself, in four and twenty hours? First, here in *Northumberland*, mine own native country, amongst poor people, I change these millan fustian needles into eggs; then, my eggs into money; and then, am I a merchant, not of eel's-skins, but lamb's-skins; and thus, poor *Thornton* of *Northumberland*, picks out a living, in spite of beggary. Yet this is not the living, that I aim at neither; for I may tell to all men, that I have a terrible mind, to be a horrible rich man; nay, I am half assured on't.

on't too ; for, where'er I go, there's something still whispers in mine ears, I shall be great, and here at *Newcastle* too, into which I am now entering. All which, to confirm, a witch, or a juggler, has guided my fate in writing ; and now I'll read it once again, that all the world may know my fortunes, and wonder at them. Mark then, for thus it goes.

Reads. *Go to Newcastle, take thy fate ;  
Yet, e'er thou enter, count thy state :  
If service in that place, thou get,  
Thy wealth will rise to infinite ;  
And Thornton's name, in England, stand  
The richest subject in the land.*

O fortune ! how hast thou favour'd a poor merchant-stranger ! I have all this wealth in conceit already ; and all this have I got, of a cunning man, for two poor millan needles, and one of them lacks an eye too. No matter. Hope, keeps the heart whole, and I shall be rich, that's certain ; but how, I know not, nor care not, so it come in any likeness : My fortune says, I must get a service here, in *Newcastle* ; but, e'er I enter, I must count the wealth I have now, and that's soon reckon'd ; one poor half-penny, and a lamb's-skin, is all the wealth I have, i' faith ; and yet, for all this, *My state must stand, The richest subject in the land.* 'Tis certain, my mind gives me it, and I am assur'd on't ; yet I must put myself in remembrance of my poverty, lest I should forget myself, when I am grown rich : I will write a note on't, e'er I enter the town, and hang it here, upon some tree, to keep it in mind, as long as the river of *Tine* runs under it. Let me see, instead of paper, this tile-stone shall serve, and here's an ink-horn I stole from my hostess, a scurvy quean ; if I had not given her money for my ale, she would have chalk'd me presently : this shall serve the turn. I'll sit down, and write ; sweet *Helicon* inspire me, with thy *Castalian* luck.

*Enter Goodgift, his Wife, Randal, and George.*

*Goodg.* Come, come, dispatch ; the wind is north north-west, and blows fair on us ; where is *George*, my factor ?

*Fact.*

*Fact.* Here, fir.

*Goodg.* At the next ebb, good *George*, I, and the ship, fall down to *Timmouth*; are your books made even, the goods made fit, and all things fitting for the voyage.

*Fact.* All's done, fir; the commodities prized, and summ'd; their value, at my back return from sea, I hope to treble to you.

*Goodg.* Heaven deal in that; or gain, or loss, we must be still contented, and, therefore, are we call'd adventurers, because we know 'tis hazard.

*Rand.* 'Tis, indeed, fir, and I do wonder at this gain of hazard, you'll set so great a state, seeing the time joins with the sea in danger; the *Danish* fleet watcheth to pill the *English* 'venturers. Then be advised.

*Wife.* Yet, to avoid all dangers, husband, I'd have you do as here my brother doth; venture your state in your own country; tho' the gains be smaller, the safety's not so doubtful.

*Goodg.* Ay, ay, wife, thy brother *Randal* here, is known a famous merchant for *Newcastle* coals, and *England* holds the circuit of his traffick; but we, that are 'venturers abroad, must fame our country through all *Christendom*, nay, far beyond our christian territories, to *Egypt*, *Barbary*, and the tawny *Moors*, where not, indeed? if sea, and wind, gives way, unto our dancing vessels; nay, nay, brother, your merchandize, compared with us, I tell you, is but a poor fresh-water venture.

*Rand.* Well, brother, well, pursue your foreign gain; I rest content at home; at the year's end, we'll cast the difference 'twixt your far-fetch'd treasure, and our *Newcastle* home-bred minerals; you shall perceive a strange transformation, black coals turn'd to white silver; that's my comfort, fir.

*Goodg.* And take it to you, fir; with much good, I wish it. But stay, who is that?

*Rand.* One that is very brain busy, it seems.

*Goodg.* Peace, peace, observe him, pr'ythee.

*Thornt.* Here did *Thornton* enter in  
With hope, a half-penny, and a lamb's-skin.  
It shall go i' faith. I'll never strive to mend it; foot this poetry, and, if a man's brains were not well laid in his head,  
'twou'd



'twou'd make him mad : I think, if there be any *Helicon* in *England*, 'tis here at *Newcastle*; I am inspired with it; every coal-pit has a relish on't; for, who goes down, but he comes out as black as ink.

*Goodg.* Is not this fellow mad.

*Rand.* Good faith, I doubt it.

*Thornt.* Well, this writing will I set up here, at the town's end; that when I have got all those riches together, and sit amongst my comely brethren, I then may stalk the pace of wit, and worship, here to read this manuscript; then will I view my ware-houses, disperse my coin, comfort the poor; ay, and, perhaps, build churches.

*Rand.* Either he speaks to himself, or he's possess'd with some strange talking i' spirit, that dialogues within him.

*Thornt.* Then will I have some fifty beadsmen, in my life time, for that's the first way to be pray'd for here, and mourn'd for, when I am gone, and; on their gowns, their cul-lisance shall be, six millan needles, and a silver lamb's-skin.

*Goodg.* Ha, ha; the more he speaks, methinks 'tis more distracted. Let's question him.

*Wife.* Is he not, think you, husband, one of those players of interludes, that dwells at *Newcastle*, and conning of his part; for, surely, these are other men's matters he talks of. Do you hear, honest man, and friend, let me instruct you to be wise, and sober.

*Thornton sings.*

*I come not hither, for thee to teach;  
I have no pulpit, for to preach:  
I wou'd thou hadst kist me under the breech,  
As thou art a lady gay.*

*Wife.* Marry, come up, with a vengeance.

*Goodg.* La you, wife, you see what 'tis to trouble a man in his meditations; pr'ythee, let him alone; he's not mad, I warrant thee.

*Thornt.* With hope, a half-penny, and a lamb's-skin. I protest, I never pleased myself better. Let me see, what day



day is this? O, *Monday*. I shall love *Monday's* vein, to poetize, as long as I live, for this trick.

*Goodg.* Good speed, good fellow.

*Thornt.* Ha! who is that? O, I thank you, gentlemen; if I have good speed, I'll do good deeds the sooner. Your sufferance a little, I beseech you; then will I build some famous monument.

*Rand.* Thou buildest i' th' air, I think: Pr'ythee, what countryman art?

*Thornt.* Faith, sir, a poor *Northumberland* man; and yet, I tell ye, gentlemen, not altogether the poor fellow, which you behold me: Fortune may change: If you seek what I shall be, 'tis infinite, and cannot be summ'd together. But, if you wou'd know my present store, it is all summ'd on this tile-stone. I shall be very rich, that's certain; and this town of *Newcastle*, must be the raising of my fortune; if there I get service, then are wealth, and treasure, my servants.

*Goodg.* And such a servant, cannot want a master. But, pr'ythee, tell me, whence hast thou these hopes?

*Thornt.* Pray, sir, read that, then tell me your opinion.

*Good.* Pr'ythee, let's see it.

*Go to Newcastle, take thy fate;  
Yet, e'er thou enter, count thy state:  
If service, in that place, thou get,  
Thy wealth will rise to infinite;  
And Thornton's name, in England, stand  
The richest subject in the land.*

Excellent, i' faith; and dost thou believe all this?

*Thornt.* As sure as you live, sir; and all the world cannot drive me from this opinion, but that I shall be a very rich man.

*Goodg.* I like thy confidence. How dost desire to have employment? wilt thou go to sea?

*Thornt.* Sea, or land; fire, or air: Let *Newcastle* be my home, and some honest man my master: This halfpenny, and this millan needle, shall I multiply to a million of halfpence,

halfpence; and this innocent lamb's-skin, to a magnificent lordship.

*Goodg.* Stay there, I pr'ythee; 'tis wealth enough for a subject. Come, I'll give thee handsel; that's entertainment; my name is *Goodgift*, a merchant of *Newcastle*, where thou desirest to serve. Give me thy hand; if I do live to see thee this rich man, I shall be proud to say, I was thy master.

*Thornt.* I am your servant, sir, and will be faithful.

*Goodg.* Obey me then, at first, as I'll imploy thee. Thou shalt to sea; I see thou wilt be thrifty. Come hither, *George*; take him a shipboard with thee; change his apparel strait, and make him handsome: I begin so well to relish his plainness, that I am half persuaded of his hopes. How say'st thou, wife?

*Wife.* Nay, nay; he bid me kiss his breech, by'r lady; but that's no matter, husband, seeing, I see his fortunes are so hopeful, he shall have my liking. Come hither, *Thornton*; since thy master sends thee out to sea, there's something for thee to begin thy stock with; and, if thou double it, I'll ne'er grudge, i' faith, so thou'lt remember me, when thou art a rich man.

*Goodg.* Ha, ha. — She's confident already.

*Rand.* So shall I ne'er be, 'till I see it, sir.

*Goodg.* Well, well, do as I bid thee, *George*; under thyself, let him have charge of all.

*George.* How will he put off these commodities he has, sir?

*Thornt.* Tush, tush, I'll have an out-cry fellow, *George*; for so I take it, sir, your name is now.

*George.* Why, what's thy lamb's-skin good for?

*Thornt.* Marry, muff, sir.

*Wife.* Thou say'st true, indeed, *Thornton*, and I'll purchase it of thee; for that purpose I'll give thee a goat for it, to line my muff withal.

*Thornt.* And you shall ha't mistress; it has been lain dead on my hands, a great while, and now it shall be dead on yours; only this, sweet master, I must intreat you, that, e'er I enter the town, I may hang up this writing here: I doubt not, sir, but, at my coming home, I shall be able to have it cut in stone.

*Goodg.*

*Goodg.* Agreed, agreed; an honest motion. How now, who's this comes here?

*Enter Grim.*

*Wife.* 'Tis *Grim* the Collier, is it not, brother?

*Rand.* O yes, sister, the main over-seer of all my coals; I warrant you, his head's more troubled too, than *Thornton's* was, to count his hoped-for wealth; and mark how wisely he proceeds about it.

*Grim.* Let me see now; first, five hundred chaldron of coals, at ten groats a chaldron, that is, in coals and money; ten groats, and ten groats, is twice ten groats: Then take twice ten out of two times ten, and there remains four times ten: Five score chaldron, at ten groats a coal, comes to five shillings: Then take me thirty coals, out of thirty chaldron, and put them together, and there's the whole voyage; so, thirty chaldron of coals, comes to five chaldron of angels.

*Goodg.* O rare! he multiplies bravely.

*Rand.* I told you what a reck'ning he wou'd make on't.

*Grim.* Then to cast how many four pence halfpennies there are in a chaldron of angels: Let me see, take half a chaldron out of a whole chaldron, and there remains — No, no, this is not the way; I must begin lower: A chaldron of angels, if you take nothing out, there remains something. This is the honest way for a servant, when he casts up his master's reckonings, to take nothing out, and then the whole flock remains untouch'd still.

*Rand.* Ay, marry sir, I like that well. Why, how now, *Grim*, what art thou doing?

*Grim.* I cry you mercy, master: I am even doing my good will to make your accounts right, sir. There is five hundred chaldron of coals, leaving the river, and shipp'd away: They'll be sea-sick to-morrow.

*Rand.* How many for *London*, *Grim*?

*Grim.* Three hundred chaldron, sir.

*Rand.* And whither go the rest?

*Grim.* 'Twas purposed they shou'd have gone to *Winchester*; but it is thought, since the *Danes* came thither, they

have little need of sea-coal, every place is so hot; they say, a taylor burnt his goose, and yet no fire came near him.

*Rand.* That's strange. Well, *Grim*, bid them alter their course for *Winchester*; bid them put in at *Lyn*, and *Yarmouth*, and let *London* be the farthest of their journey, until these wars afford us better safety.

*Grim.* Alas! master! if you stow up your ships, you may e'en hang up your colliers, for they'll starve and die, if they come above ground once. You have seven score pits, and seven hundred lusty colliers daily digging in them, and if they come above ground once — What, *Thornton*, my old acquaintance! How is't, how is't, man?

*Thornt.* Never better, i' faith.

*Goodg.* Dost thou know him?

*Grim.* Better than the taylor that made his doublet: Know *Thornton*, the famous needle-maker of *Northumberland*? there's not a beggar that carries a patch about her, but knows him. All our colliers buy needles of him, for the same purpose. Many a night has he lain in the cellarage, amongst — *Thornton*, how many eggs have you roasted at our fire, in the coal-pits?

*Thornt.* Thou possest me now, i' faith, *Grim*; I have been infinitely beholding to thee, and when I am a rich man, here's my hand, I'll requite it.

*Grim.* I had rather thou would'st set a certain day to do it. Dost thou think to be rich by pedlar's eggs, and lamb's-skins?

*Thornt.* But I have other employments now, *Grim*.

*Goodg.* He is my servant, sir, and is already, by my best liking, voyaging to sea.

*Grim.* Does he go a-foot, sir?

*Goodg.* Sirrah, sirrah: He is a venturer too; and when you see his safe return again (with wealth) from sea, you'll make legs to him.

*Grim.* How, legs to him? I scorn him, and his lamb's-skins. No, sir, *Thornton* must remember, I am controller of the coal-pits, and that many a night I have committed him to the hole, and there he lay forty fathom deep, beneath me, where I cou'd have buried him alive, if I had thought on't. Make legs to him?

*Goodg.*



*Goodg.* Come, come, sir, we'll have you friends at parting. Go, *George*, follow my directions, and let *Thornton* have that employment I prescribed to you. Come, sir, you shall first erect your character, according to your mind, at the town's end, to keep a record of your entrance in.

*Thornt.* With hope, a halfpenny, and a lamb's-skin. That's all, sir.

*Grim.* Ha, ha; a brave rich man, I promise you.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Erkinwald, and Alvred*

*Erk.* Is thy name *Eldred*?

*Alv.* Yes, my good lord.

*Erk.* Thou art my prisoner still, and we have power O'er all thy life and fortunes.

*Alv.* I still confess it, sir.

*Erk.* 'Tis well. Canst thou guess then, why my love Extends itself so lineally towards thee?

Thou know'st, that, even from death, I have advanced thee,

And trust thee with my secrets, requires thy aid

Thy subtle and quick brain, can better forge

Matter of fair discourse, than mine can be.

The bright *Elgina*, thou must court for me.

In peace, and war, she has been still my aim:

For her, the tedious night I do beguile,

With serious thoughts of her divinity;

And, watching 'till the midnight chimes be past,

Have waked again, before the village cock

Had call'd the plowman to his early labour.

Go, plead my love; yet, e'er thou go, here swear

Never to injure me, in this disguise,

Nor, with *Icarian* wing, to soar too high.

*Alv.* I were a villain to betray your trust,

Being so meriteless of your great favours;

And, therefore, vow, by all that man may swear by,

I'll be as true to you, in this employment,

As truth is to the just.

*Erk.* Thou hast said enough; I leave it to thy trust —  
Go, return, and make me happy; there's gold for thee.

[*Exit.*]

*Alv.*

*Alv.* Fortune, I see, thou now, art blind, and foolish,  
 And, without aim, directest thy giddy shafts.  
 These gifts thou givest to me, which I despise.  
 'Tis *England's* peace, that I would live to court;  
 But she is fled, and I a captive prince,  
 Slave to my mortal foes, 'till time release me,  
 That once I may re-greet my *English* friends,  
 Which, long e'er this, I know, have wish'd my presence,  
 To join our forces, for our country's freedom.

*Enter Elgina.*

But here she comes, whom I must plead for love;  
 My faith is past, and were she beauty's queen,  
 Nay, half the world her dowry, I wou'd not wrong  
 The trust I have received: I'll court her for him,  
 And plead my master's love.

*Elg.* Who's there, *Eldred*?

*Alv.* Your pardon, beauteous princess, I must woo  
 you.

*Elg.* But I'll prevent you, sir, for I'll woo you.

*Alv.* For noble *Erkinwald*, my warlike master.

All love from him —

*Elg.* Is nothing like to thee,  
 That conquerest love.

*Alv.* You do amaze me, lady.

*Elg.* Be not afraid,

But tell me boldly, could you love a maid  
 That, for thy sake, wou'd be a president,  
 And teach all women, a new way to win  
 The often wish'd desires of stubborn men:  
 In me, you shall observe a patience, duty,  
 Tender care, and fear; by thy bright eyes,  
 I'll teach the constant turtle truer love,  
 And make the nuns, at *Vesta's* altar, swear,  
 The virgin state, is not so strict to move. —  
 And cannot you yet say, you mean to love?

*Alv.* Bestrew me, madam, but you tempt me much,  
 Pray give me leave to ponder in my mind. —

Ha! my vow's not broke yet; for I woo not her:

That was my oath, sure; and, I think, there's no man

That

That can withstand the wooing of a woman.  
Fond fool! how quickly youth, and blood, transform!

[*Apart.*]

*Alv.* Dearest lady, there is but one thing in the world  
That bars, and you have brought it with you.

*Elg.* O me! what should it be! alas! dear youth,  
Be it my heart, I'll pull it out, so thou wilt love.

*Alv.* O gracious princess, 'tis your royal blood,  
So near ally'd unto the great *Canutus*,  
Keeps me at distance; were our states made even,  
My love should be as strong as zeal to heaven.  
Therefore, imperial maid —

*Elg.* No more; my soul!  
We will dispence with birth, and empty titles:  
Use love with truth; I will invent a plot  
Shall both secure. I crave but this, my *Eldred*,  
That thou be true of faith: For, by my life,  
I love thee, with my true immortal soul!

*Alv.* And, since I see your passions are unfeign'd,  
I vow, not only to requite your love;  
But with effected, and sincere intents,  
To crown your wishes, though it work my ruin.

*Elg.* Our faiths, and hearts, are one then: *Cupid's* wings,  
Can crown mean births with joy; make slaves of kings.  
Knew *Erkinwald* my heart, he'd change with thee,  
And be thy slave, to have command o'er me.  
Lend me thine ear in private.

*Enter Erkinwald, behind.*

*Erk.* Ha! what! so close! I'll hear their conference.  
Win her, and gain thy freedom, love, and honour.  
Ha! that kiss! death and hell! she kisseth him.

*Alv.* Nature's divinity is in thy looks,  
And he an atheist sees thee, and not loves.  
Should *Erkinwald* now see it, I wou'd love thee,  
Though, for each kiss, I had a several torture.

*Elg.* So high I prize thee, by this virgin kiss. —

*Erk.* Yet you make shift to reach him with your lips.  
Degenerate princess! I suspect thy birth:  
Yet well may'st thou be sister to thy brother;

For, great *Canutus*' blood runs low as thine,  
And, love-sick, doateth on an *English* nun.

*Alv.* Then you resolve to fly.

*Elg.* Heaven knows I do.

*Erk.* Here's one will stop your journey. Thunder part ye!

*Elg.* Ha! O me! unfortunate!

*Alv.* Fear not, madam. See here I stand, my lord.

*Erk.* A perjured villain.

*Alv.* That tongue lies that speaks it. —

Hear me, *Erkinwald*. I courted for thee, with my best of  
speech,

And shew'd my faith as firm as adamant,

'Till fate, that rules all love, o'er-ruled her so,

That she became a suitor for my love.

*Erk.* I'll have that heart she loves. — Be thine accurst.

*Elg.* Sheath up thy sword, and hear me, *Erkinwald*:  
What shall I give thee to renounce my love?

*Erk.* As much as thou would'st give t' attain *Elizium*,  
Shou'd not avert my love from these fair eyes;  
*Jove's* thunder, or eternal miseries,  
Shall never so transform me.

*Elg.* I cannot love thee.

*Erk.* I'll remove the cause. Die villain!

Thou hast seen slaves die, when their lords have laugh'd.  
Come, run on my weapon; this is princely favour.

*Elg.* See, on the earth, thy sovereign's sister kneels,  
To beg thy pity. —

*Erk.* Nought but love can purchase.

*Elg.* Yet have mercy; the fault in love was thine;  
Thou didst betray me, when I saw him first:  
And, villain thou, if thou but touch his life,  
The great *Canutus* shall revenge my wrongs,  
For, after him, *Elgina* will not live.

*Alv.* Do not debase yourself, for my poor life;  
I dare his worst, my love is constant still;  
More resolute to die, than thou to kill.

*Erk.* 'Tis worthy praise; then see, behold thy death.

*Alv.* With open eyes, as I wou'd view her state,  
And, like a man, thus I pursue my fate.

[*They fight; Elgina goes between them; Erkinwald  
kills her.*

*Elg.*



*Elg.* Hold, hold. Oh! I am slain; farewell, dear friend:

The loss of thee, is tyranny in death,  
And death a dream, for thou but close mine eyes.  
Chaste love is born in heaven, and never dies.

*Erk.* Amazement to my soul! O my *Elgina*! O! I am most accurs'd!

*Alv.* For which I'll be revenged; thus heaven is just.  
[Kills him.]

*Erk.* Base villain, thou hast slain me.

*Alv.* 'Tis thy fate; farewell.

Oh! pure, unspotted maid! unhappy princess!  
This hand shall keep thy will, and close thine eyes;  
Let thy soul joy, for here thy murderer lies  
Dead at my foot, and, I with thee, could die,  
Were my poor country free from misery.  
War calls me to the field. Oh! my *Elgina*!  
Autumn is on thy cheeks, the rose is wither'd,  
And thou look'st like the alabaster statue:  
Upon thy lips, I print this parting kiss,  
And, flying from thee, leave all earthly bliss.

[Exit.]

Enter Harold, Osrick, and Captains.

*Har.* Osrick, we hear *Thetford* is up in *Norfolk*.

*Osr.* All *England*, sure, will mutiny,  
If thus the king neglect his hopeful conquest,  
By doating on a foolish woman's beauty.

*Har.* Never was man in love bewitch'd like him;  
He will not suffer speech, or any counsel,  
That may dissuade from her: He bars his fight  
From any but the nun, and his loose panders.  
Ha! what sight is this! the brave duke *Erkinwald*,  
And the princess murder'd! this sight wou'd sad  
Even tyranny itself, draw tears from tygers,  
And make wonder dumb.

Oh! great *Canutus*, what portents are these!  
This heavy curse lights on thy lust, and ease.  
Thy sister, and thy best of friends, are slain,  
And safety, now, is frighted from thy throne.  
Convey this spectacle of grief aside,  
And let a guard pursue the murderer.

I'll

I'll hie me to the king, and there relate  
This heart-break tydings, of their cruel fate:

[*Exeunt.*

*Banquet. Enter king Canutus.*

*Can.* She is an angel in the shape of woman,  
Chaster than *Diana*, colder than *Freezland* snow,  
And yet she burns me: If I miss her now,  
My death must be the period of my love.  
Go, let those jewels, cates, perfumes, and musick,  
Be all produced together; in one scene.  
Unite all raptures, let's have nothing scant;  
That she may feel, at once, the birth of love.

[*Musick.*

Strike heavenly musick, with a tuneful strain,  
And, with thy raptures, swell her to desire.

*Enter Cartesmundä, and Ofrick.*

The star appears. Welcome, *Canutus'* soul!

*Cart.* My senses are intranced; or do I dream?  
O! let me back return, to hide my shame.

*Can.* O stay, divinest soul! hear me but speak.

*Cart.* O! I have lost my sense with these enchantments.  
My powers are useless, but mine eyes, to weep!

*Can.* Make not the earth too proud to drink thy tears,  
Lest being subject unto me, her king,  
I force her to restore again those pearls,  
More rich than all the jewels of our crown.

*Cart.* I am your servant, captive, vassal, worse.

*Can.* Thine eyes, upon my freedom, laid that curse.  
If thou be'st mine, I do command thy heart.  
Where kings of subjects beg, let pity move.

*Cart.* How can so great a king, be weakness' slave?

*Can.* In doating of those joys I ne'er shall have.

*Cart.* Men that love women once, no more endure 'em.  
In health, they loath the physick that did cure 'em.

*Can.* When I neglect thy love, or touch thy life,  
May all my battles prove unfortunate,  
And I lose all the conquering *Danes* have gain'd,  
And end my days with shame, and inward grief.

*Cart.* Your words be register'd, with hands divine:  
O keep your vow, great prince, for I break mine.

I blush

I blush to say, I yield, I'm wholly yours,  
A spotless virgin, now, is in your power:  
This kiss confirms it.

*Can.* And my soul to bliss.  
Never did man meet more felicity.  
Run, vassals, run, prepare all sweet delight,  
For *Cartesmund*a raises me to heaven.

*Enter Harold.*

*England* shall sleep in peace, harsh rugged war,  
Shall fly to climes remote, nor bruise our plains:  
Thy arms, shall be my arms, thy Bed, my tent.

*Har.* Defend me, heaven! how is this king transform'd!  
My news is not so sad, as is this fight.

*Can.* Who's there? *Harold*? what news?

*Har.* The *English* princes, mighty sovereign,  
Seeing your highness thus forsake the field,  
Threaten fresh war, and *England* will be lost.

*Can.* I here possess all good that *England* holds;  
All conquest, in these arms; *Canutus* folds.  
Hast thou more to say?

*Har.* Yes, but with grief, my lord;  
The fair *Elgina*, your beauteous sister,  
And the only one that made her sex admired,  
Is slain, great king.

*Can.* Give me this bracelet; I have begg'd it long.

*Har.* And noble *Erkinwald* lies murder'd too.  
Had you, my lord, as I, beheld that fight,  
The tyranny of death, had, sure, amazed you.

*Can.* What does he talk on?

*Cart.* Do you not mark, my lord:  
He says, your sister's dead.

*Can.* Let her be bury'd then.  
Remove out of mine eye; thou fright'nt my love.  
Some musick there. Come, *Cartesmund*a, kiss me.  
Go bid our soldiers hang their armour up;  
Fold up our ensigns, and unbrace our drums.  
*England* is conquer'd, all our wars are done;  
And all in this, that *Cartesmund*a's won.

[*Exeunt.*

*Manet*

*Manet* Harold.

*Har.* O strange enchantment ! the sad news I brought,  
Though now regardless, whileom, would have made  
His eyes start from their orbs to hear of it.  
O fair *Elgina* ! happy now th' art dead,  
And dost not live, to see thy brother's folly.  
This is not now *Canutus*, nor his palace,  
But rather seems a *Roman* theatre,  
And this young *Nero*, acting comedies,  
With some light strumpet, in bold scenes of lust.  
This change, with wonder, I behold, and see  
That love is powerful, o'er inferior things,  
When thus, to baseness, it transforms great kings. [*Exit.*



### A C T III.

*Enter Grim, and Colliers, with baskets and sacks.*

GRIM.

COME Bullies, fetch more coals, and aboard with  
'em lustily, shew yourselves *Newcastle* men, not  
proud, but honest and humble, and such as do not scorn to  
carry coals.

*1st Coll.* I warrant you, Mr. *Grim*, we'll send 'em going :  
*Newcastle* coals are hereticks, and must be burnt at *Lon-*  
*don.*

*Grim.* You say well ; we'll put 'em to water first, and  
then let 'em put fire in their tails afterward.

[*Exeunt Colliers.*

*Enter Randal.*

*Rand.* Well said, *Grim* ; I see thou art not idle.

*Grim.* No, master ; I am baily of your coal-pits, and  
your worship's benefactor. I will do what lies in a true  
servant. Seven hundred black *Indians*, or *Newcastle* col-  
liers, your worship keeps daily to dive for treasure, five  
hundred.



hundred fathom deep, for you, and as they dig it up, I'll send it out to your profit, sir.

*Rand.* 'Tis well done, *Grim*; thy gains will one day be, a gentleman.

*Grim.* A gentleman? Nay, I hope, one day, to purchase a lordship, and all my colliers under me, shall be ladies; for I maintain 'em with black masks on their faces already: But do you hear, master? I hear there is some disadvantage towards us, and it behoves us to look to't; they say, there are a new sort of colliers crept up near *London*, at a place call'd *Groydon*, that have found out a way, by scorching of wood, to make charcoals, and 'tis to be fear'd this may hinder our traffick, master.

*Rand.* How! to make coals of wood! art sure 'tis so?

*Grim.* Most certain, sir; but never fear it, master; *Newcastle* coals, shall conquer *Groydon*; we can give a chaldron of sea-coals, for a sack of charcoals.

*Rand.* Thou say'st well, *Grim*; but I hear my brother's ship is return'd, with large advantage; I mean to see him, mean time, insist upon thy care, good *Grim*.

*Grim.* O sweet master! let me go with you; I'd fain see how *Thornton*, our needle-merchant, has sped; I doubt me, his lamb's-skin is turn'd to three sheep's-skins, the wrong side outward.

*Rand.* Come, let's go; but see, they come to us.

*Enter Goodgift, his Wife, Thornton, and George*

*Goodg.* Now, brother *Randal*, how is it with you, sir?

*Rand.* Glad, by the happy tidings of your news, sir: Fame has outstripp'd the wind that brought your ships, and tells us of a rich and prosperous voyage. I'll talk with your factor, sir, and know your purchase.

*Goodg.* Do, do; mean time, I'll talk with *Thornton* here, my honest merchant of millan needles: How hast thou sped in thy voyage? how didst thou brook the sea?

*Grim.* I think he was glad to pump over board. How say you, *Thornton*?

*Thornt.* Tush, tush, thou art a fresh-water fellow, *Grim*.

*Grim.* A fresh-water fellow! O disgrace to a collier! If ever I kill a whale, hand to hand, it shall be thee.

*Goodg.*

*Goodg.* Nay, good *Grim*. —

*Grim.* Mr. *Goodgift*, I pray, pardon me. Shall *Grim* the collier, that has been thus long controler of the coal-pits, chief serjeant of the celleridge, nay, the very demi-gorgan of the dungeon, be call'd a fresh-water fellow?

*Goodg.* Quietness, I say; we'll have no quarreling.

*Grim.* I beseech you, sir, let's both be let down into a coal-pit, five hundred fathom deep, and he that kills the other, shall be stifled with a damp; and so you shall never be troubled to hang, nor bury us.

*Goodg.* Go to; I say, I'll have ye friends again. Come, shake hands.

*Grim.* Never, unless I may call him porpoise; now at single hand, sir.

*Goodg.* Ay, ay, thou shalt.

*Grim.* Thou? go thy ways; thou art a porpoise, and now I am friends with thee.

*Goodg.* So, so, 'tis well; and now, as I was saying, *Thornton*, what voyage hast thou made to benefit thy hopes, your halfpenny, and your lamb's-skin? My factor tells me here, thou hast been careful, and diligent; but to the wealth and greatness you expect, I yet hear nothing.

*Wife.* Ay marry, husband, that's the news I look for; sir, come, tell us, *Thornton*, how have you bestow'd the money that I gave you?

*Thornt.* Faith, mistress, as the rest; my full stock to sea, you, and my good friends, gave, was five shillings; and putting in at *Preston*, for fresh water, I turn'd it there into six tun of iron; one of which tuns, I have already sold unto an anchor-smith, here in *Newcastle*, for four pound; the rest, if I put off so well, will multiply my stock most richly, mistress.

*Goodg.* 'Tis well; but far from hope of wealth, and lordships, *Thornton*.

*Rand.* Yet that, re-multiply'd again, good brother, may help his halfpenny, and his lamb's-skin, somewhat.

*Goodg.* Well, well, *Thornton*, th' art welcome home, however; so art thou, *George*: Go, see the ship unladed; we'll go before, and view the ware-houses.

*Fatt.* I shall, sir.

*Goodg.* Come, brother, will you go?

*Rand.*

*Rand.* Yes, sir; you'll quarrel no more, if we leave you together now?

*Grim.* No, sir; I mean to borrow some money of him, now.

*Rand.* That's not his way to thrive. Look to him,  
*Thornton.* [Exeunt.

*Manet Thornton, and Grim.*

*Grim.* I warrant you, master, we'll agree well enough. Ah, sirrah — *mr. Thornton*, you have got fix tun of iron already; you must take heed now, that you fall not into some crafty iron-monger's hand, to deceive you of your whole stock. Look to't; they are hard dealers, that deal in iron: If you be gull'd, remember what *Martin* said to his man, *Who's the fool now?*

*Thornt.* Tush, *Grim*; look there, man; my whole stock lies not in iron; a little stock I borrow'd of my fellow *George*, at sea, and with it, I have purchased these pearls.

*Grim.* Pearls! pr'ythee, tell me true; are they pearls, i' faith?

*Thornt.* Pearls? ay, and precious ones too, I hope.

*Grim.* Ha, ha, good oyster pearl; worth twelve pence a pound, I think.

*Thornt.* No matter, man, I cannot lose by them, howsoever; they cost me little: I have sent for a goldsmith a purpose, to know the certainty.

*Enter a smith.*

*Grim.* That's well; and, in the mean time, here comes your first chapman. How now, good man, *Iron-fist*, why do you puff and blow so?

*Smith.* O! *mr. Thornton*, I'm e'en out of breath, with seeking you — Unless you stand my friend, I shall be undone for ever.

*Thornt.* Why, what's the matter, man?

*Smith.* Your iron, sir, your iron, that I bought of you, is not the metal I took it for; 'twill do me no good, sir; there will not a nail be hammer'd out of it; when I heat it, it melts, and when 'tis cold again, it bends like lead; and if it lie on my hand, I am undone for ever: I beseech

D

you,

you, fir, take it again, though I lose ten shillings i' th' price I paid for't.

*Thornt.* Nay, I must not rise by hurt of any man: I'll take't again, and thou shalt lose no penny. I pr'ythee, let me see't; is this a part on't?

*Smith.* Ay; for here's the end of one of the bars; the poorest piece of iron I e'er hammer'd on.

*Thornt.* Well, leave this with me, and bear the rest home to my master's ware-house; thou shalt sustain no loss; thou shalt have thy money.

*Smith.* I thank you, fir; I'll bear it back again; and my wife, that yet curseth you most terribly, shall pray for you most horribly.

*Thornt.* This is strange! my great venture turn'd to nothing now!

*Grim.* Faith, mr. *Thornton*, and your pearls prove no better than your iron, you were best turn merchant of lamb's-skins again.

*Enter a Goldsmith.*

*Thornt.* Well, I know the worst on't, *Grim*; see, here comes the goldsmith that I sent for: If my pearls prove as bad as my iron, I am quite begger'd, i' faith.

*Goldf.* Now, mr. *Thornton*, what's your business with me?

*Thornt.* Your advice in these few pearls, fir, and I would know the value of them.

*Goldf.* They are fair and round; are they your own, fir?

*Thornt.* I'll answer the sale of them.

*Goldf.* And have you any more of 'em, fir?

*Thornt.* Some thirty more, and far more orient than these are, too.

*Goldf.* I'll give you twenty pound for these two, at a venture, fir.

*Grim.* You shall have *Pearl*, my dog, at that price, fir.

*Goldf.* What say you, mr. *Thornton*?

*Thornt.* Twenty pound, say you? there's some hope then towards my halfpenny, I see. — Come, fir, I'll make a rath bargain; you are my first chapman, and shall have first



first refusal, both in the price of these, and all the rest; and since you give me this good comfort, sir, pray let me trouble you a little further: You have good skill in metals, sir; pray, look on this; what metal should this be?

*Goldf.* Let me see it, sir: I'll tell you presently.

[*He touches it with a touchstone.*]

*Grim.* A beastly piece of iron 'tis; it came new from the forge; old *Iron-fist*, the smith, has been hammering, but he can do no good on't.

*Thornt.* What think you, sir?

*Goldf.* Ha! 'fore heaven, it touches fair! Have you any store of this metal, sir?

*Thornt.* Yes, sir, six tun, I assure you; I bought it for good iron, but my small skill has deceived me.

*Goldf.* You were well deceived, sir; for if the rest Of your six tun, with this, in trial holds; You're now, the richest subject in the land.

*Thornt.* Ha! gold! delude me not, I beseech you, sir; let me believe you plainly: You have touch'd this piece, and this I'll give you to make good your word.

*Goldf.* Upon my life, I will; 'tis perfect gold; and for this wedge, I will refine it all to its pure lustre, and your infinite profit.

*Thornt.* I make that bargain with you; this piece is your's; and since you give these hopes, I pray, conceal it, and meet me at the ware-house, there I'll shew you the full six tun I spake of, and confer.

*Goldf.* I will attend you, and wish you health; for you have wealth enough to make you happy. [Exit.]

*Thornt.* I have a thankful heart to heaven for't; that's my comfort. Why, how now, fellow *Grim*, how stand'st thou, man?

*Grim.* Six tun of gold! O! that I durst but embrace you, mr. *Thornton*!

*Thornt.* Tush, man, I pr'ythee do: I'll ne'er forget myself, nor thee: I am honest *Thornton*, and thou honest *Grim*.

*Grim.* Poor *Grim* the collier, sir, but I'll never be your worship's equal; you shall be triumphant mr. *Thornton*; and I, poor *Grim*, your honest friend, and quondam fellow.

*Thornt.* Come, come, no more of this; help me to cast my venture, honest *Grim*. Six tun of gold!

*Grim.* Most right, fir.

*Thornt.* Three pound an ounce, is threescore pounds a pound.

*Grim.* And that's horrible usury for your worship.

*Thornt.* Nay, nay, no worship, good *Grim*; this is heaven's blessing, thrown on a poor man's head.

*Grim.* Wou'd I were thrown into a coal-pit, with such a blessing on my back.

*Thornt.* Nay, pr'ythee, let's reckon further, three pound an ounce, and threescore a pound, is full sixteen thousand pound a tun; and doubling that to six times six, comes near to forty hundred thousand pounds; almost four millions.

*Grim.* O lord, six! is not that better than twenty millan needles that your lordship had wont to sell amongst the colliers; and when you came to *Newcastle*, as your writing says,

*Here did Thornton enter in,*

*With hope, a halfpenny, and a lamb's-skin.*

*Thornt.* True, true, good *Grim*, and I shall ne'er forget it.

*Grim.* O! that my mother had lapp'd me in a lamb's-skin, the first hour of my begetting! for, now I see, there is no luck to a lamb's-skin: Six tun of gold at one purchase, and besides all this, your highness does forget the pearls too.

*Thornt.* Nay, nay, no titles, *Grim*, 'tis all heaven's blessing still.

*Grim.* 'Tis true, fir, and I think your majesty's the richest man —

*Thornt.* Away, away; thou'lt speak treason anon, *Grim*. The wealth I have, I see, is infinite; and be thou secret, and conceal a while, and I'll reward thee with large recompence.

*Enter Smith.*

*Grim.* I am your vassal, fir, and will be obedient to your excellence in all things. But see, the foolish smith is return'd to see you.

*Thornt.*

*Thornt.* Pr'ythee, be silent. How now, honest smith, hast thou sent home the iron?

*Smith.* O yes, sir; I thank heaven, I have rid my hands of it; you have made me a man, Mr. *Thornton*; my house is quiet, my wife silent — I have carry'd home your leaden iron — return me my silver back again, and my wife, and I, shall pray for you, when you are dead, and rotten.

*Thornt.* Well, sir, with all my heart. — I received four pounds: Look you, sir, there 'tis; all your full sum to a penny.

*Smith.* Sweet Mr. *Thornton*! shall I not give you four pots for all this kindness, pray, sir? 'tis fit I should lose something.

*Thornt.* No, no, I am satisfy'd.

*Grim.* Do you hear, ancient *Iron-fist*, the old smith of *Newcastle*, I can tell you one thing, if the almanack, or era-pater, be true, you'll hang yourself, e're to-morrow morning.

*Smith.* How! hang myself!

*Thornt.* Nay, pr'ythee, *Grim*; thou wilt discover all, anon.

*Grim.* No, I warrant you, sir; I do it but to work a little profit. — Do you hear, smith, what shall I give you for the ashes, and rubbish, that came off that old iron, that you refused now?

*Smith.* How! the ashes! marry, I mean to sweep 'em out of my shop, when I come home, i' faith, for fear they infect the rest. What wilt thou do with 'em?

*Grim.* That's all one; let me have all the ashes, and the pieces, you broke off that bar, you brought to Mr. *Thornton*, and I'll give thee five shillings.

*Smith.* Five shillings! I'll not be said to gull you, Mr. *Grim*, but an you'll give me a groat, ready money, th' are yours.

*Grim.* A bargain. There's your groat.

*Smith.* The ashes, and all the pieces of iron, are your's, sir.

*Grim.* Bear witness, Mr. *Thornton*: Come, I'll go fetch 'em presently; you had best make haste; your dismal day, is to-morrow; you know what I told you; and, unless

you rid yourself of 'em quickly, you will hang yourself, that's certain.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Manet Thornton.*

*Thornt.* Ha! have my hopes o'ertaken me? think on't, *Thornton*, and thank heaven for't. Here, at *Newcastle*, first,

In low estate, did *Thornton* enter in,  
With hope, a halfpenny, and a lamb's-skin,  
And now my large accounts, of wealth, scarce told,  
I keep possession of six tun of gold.

The blessing's strange; and I must now resolve  
To tie my vows, to my auspicious fate,  
Lest the world curse, and heaven call me ingrate.

To make, of this, my gold, a household god,  
Were mere idolatry; no, it shall fly abroad.

*Newcastle*, to thy good, large sums of love  
My promise oweth, which I'll pay, and prove:  
To grace thy fame, I'll beautify thy ground,  
And build a wall that shall embrace thee round.

[*Exit.*]

*Musick.* Enter *Cartesmunda*, and discovereth *Canutus* asleep; *Ofrick*, attendants.

*Cart.* That musick is too loud; tread softly, firs:  
How sweetly, in his sleep, *Canutus* looks!  
I'll now, not envy *Juno*; keep thy *Jove*.  
Here lies the soul of *Cartesmunda's* love.  
Now, by this kiss, *Canutus*, I do love thee;  
Thou need'st not dream it; fy, sluggard, fy:  
Beshrew the god of dreams; what, did he fright thee?  
Or art thou fighting of some battle now,  
Wherein, thou see'st me taken prisoner,  
And start'st with fear of that? there's nothing else  
That could affright thee, though it came like thunder;  
For thou wert made for arms, and for these arms:  
And yet, thy sword, *Canutus*, did not win me.  
I saw these eyes, when I refused to love thee,  
Begin to lose their splendor, and, in tears,  
Drown their neglected brightness.  
I have seen this face half dead,  
When I have frown'd upon't;

And,



And, with my smiles, life has return'd again.  
Go, go, you wanton; by this kiss, I'll beat you.

*Can.* How now, my sweet!

*Cart.* Art thou awake, my love? then I am well.

*Can.* Well, *Cartesmunda*, sleep, and I will watch.  
As careful as the watchful Pelican  
Stands by her tender young; give me a kiss.  
Potent as *Bacchus*, to raise appetite,  
And let's go sleep together; if I get a boy  
Upon thy youth, he shall be king,  
And half the world shall be his dower.

[Knocking within.

Who's that knocks so rudely for his death?

*Enter Hoffman.*

*Hoff.* It is duke *Harold*, sir, intreats access.

*Can.* He does not chuse his time well. Let him in.

*Enter Harold.*

*Of.* The king is angry, sir.

*Har.* Angry, say'st thou? holy faints defend us!  
H' has foes enough to vent his spleen upon,  
And not to shrowd himself thus from his friends.  
Most mighty prince. —

*Can.* Rise, *Harold*; we cou'd chide you; but, go on.

*Har.* Pardon my speech, my lord, it is my duty;  
And I must needs make bold to tell your highness,  
You are no soldier, but a love-sick prince;  
And while you dally out your days in love,  
The *English*, all, are raising head against you;  
The garrisons that kept *Northumberland*; are chased as far  
as *York*:

Two thousand *Danes* dy'd in that bloody slaughter:  
And now, those warlike princes, join their forces,  
And seek you forth.

*Can.* Fetch me some wine;  
We'll drink to all their deaths that dare disturb us.  
*Cartesmunda*, thou shalt sweetly pledge me.  
Thus, in this wine, we'll wash away all care;  
My pleasures, and my conquest, all are here.  
Come, pledge me, sweet.

*Har.*

*Har.* The duke of *Thetford's* forces, raised in *Norfolk*,  
 Have quite expulsed the *Danes*; the *English* nobles,  
 Bound to your state, by conquest, and by oath,  
 Forsake allegiance, and, with sound of drums,  
 Proclaim prince *Alfred* the *English* king.  
 Will nothing move him, to awake his soul,  
 And rouse him from this lethargy of love?  
 Regard the omens that distract this isle —  
 A blazing comet threatens from the north:  
 The royal queen of rivers, stately *Thames*,  
 Held back her flowing tide, a day and night. —  
 The sacred fane, that girt the holy nuns,  
 Is half consumed with a brand from heaven.  
 Millions of trees, by whirlwinds, are thrown down,  
 And groaning mountains, in their bowels, feel  
 The griping winds, that tear their entrails up,  
 And lay their heads beneath their trembling base.

*Can.* So would it hap, were all the world engraved;  
 And, were it so, did my fair love-survive,  
 Her eyes wou'd new create another world.

*Har.* Prophane, and impious love-deluded king!

[*Aside.*

*Can.* But what are all the elements to love?

*Har.* Let rising dangers, that give omens proof,  
 Rouse up your soul to the loud voice of war!  
 The cutting pole-ax rust, for want of use,  
 And weeping *Woden*, our stern god of war,  
 Stands without worship, and his priests forgot.

*Can.* What says my beauteous queen, my *Cartesmunda*?

*Har.* You see, my lord, he's careless,  
 And neither minds us, nor his person's safety.

*Ofr.* Most royal sir, what order for your forces?

*Can.* Let's have some musick.

Come, *Cartesmunda*, we'll dance out half this day,  
 And that being done, we will to sleep again.  
 Why, when ye slaves? do your souls sleep within you?  
 Here's good musick.

[*Dance.*

*Har.* So was the warlike drum and trumpet once.  
 Great *Hardikute*, the glory of the *Danes*!  
 Thy son plays now the king.

*Enter*

*Enter a Captain.*

*Capt.* Hail, mighty king!

*Can.* Thunder to thee. Ha! can we not be private?

*Capt.* Alas! my liege, my news is of importance.

*Can.* So is my pleasure, slave; avoid our presence,  
Thou, and the rest, that come to fill our ears

With tumults, and with bloody massacres,

Fright'ning my heavenly love, for whose sweet sake,

Let men fall thicker than the checquer'd leaves,

The stern winds rend and ravish from the trees,

When yellow autumn turns them into gold. [*Flourish.*

Be gone. Come, *Cartesimunda*, let's retire,

We will not stir, were all the world on fire. [*Exeunt.*

*Ofr.* Is this the end of all our former conquests?

To be re-conquer'd now, with wine and women?

*Har.* Ay, this is she that bears so high a stroke;

We dare not shake our heads, for fear we lose 'em:

If she but dreams a dream that not delights her,

Next morning there are some are sure to bleed,

Whose lot soe'er it be.

*Ofr.* Wou'd it were mine, my lords,

So she cou'd dream, and it wou'd come to pass,

The devil might fetch her.

*Har.* This twelve months, sir, he has not touch'd his  
armour,

Nor been i' th' field to chear his soldiers.

*Ofr.* We now must make as great suit to see him,

As if we begg'd for types of dignity:

*Capt.* No more; I see your griefs, and all our ruins,

If we keep silent thus. I'll speak to him,

And venture life for such a general good:

If my plots fail, my tongue shall boldly speak

To touch his baseness, though I lose my head,

I'll die, or win him from this strumpet's arms.

Fear not to second me.

*Har.* Not I, were death assured; I'll first begin:

A soldier's best fight, is, to beat down sin.

*Enter Canutus, and a guard.*

*Can.* Double my guards about her, I will prove

There is no happiness, on earth, but love.

*Capt.*

*Capt.* Most mighty prince! —

*Can.* Audacious traitor, wherefore come'st thou to us?  
Did we not charge thee to avoid the presence?

*Capt.* Your father, royal sir, knew me a soldier,  
And I have fought for you; yet, if you please,  
So I may speak, make me your humble martyr.

*Can.* Slave, what would'st thou say?

*Can.* That which my life shall prove;  
You've lost your conquest in a woman's love:  
Could you untie the vail *Cupid* has bound about your eyes,  
and forehead,

You wou'd find she were not all so fair as you esteem her.  
Nature was never so partial to give to one  
To rob a million; arm but yourself,  
And lead your soldiers forth, to win another city,  
You shall find her beauty far out-stripp'd; sacred liege!  
If, like a young man, you take counsel ill,  
Destroy me quickly, it shall be my fame,  
I dy'd, to win you from a strumpet's shame.

*Can.* Thou'st spoke enough to damn thee, impudent  
traitor,  
Go, die unpity'd; though thou hast my hate,  
Thou shalt not have the honour of my sword  
To take away thy life. You, of our guard,  
See a base death perform'd upon this slave.

*Capt.* Farewel, my liege, you once must have a grave.  
[Exit with guard.]

*Har.* My resolution's firm, and I will speak,  
Though hell shou'd gape to swallow me alive.  
What's he that's gone to death, my sovereign?

*Can.* A traitor, *Harold*, to my best content.

*Har.* O pardon, sir, your rage has lost a man  
Of more true worth than all this nation holds:  
He was not of that strain of counsellors,  
That, like a tuft of rushes, in a brook,  
Bends ev'ry way the current turns itself,  
Yielding to every puff of appetite  
That comes from majesty; but, with true zeal,  
He faithfully declared the grief of all:  
Pardon me, great *Canutus*, I must speak,  
And let thy subject, on his knee, intreat.



The kingly lion yet to rouse his strength,  
And chase those *English*, that do only wound,  
Because our rescuer will not be found.

*Can.* Fond man, how dare'st thou check our appetite?  
Hast thou forgot, our frown can strike thee dead?

*Har.* I know it, and willingly lay down my life;  
For, 'tis more honour, by thy wrath, to die,  
Than, living, to behold thy misery;  
Which, sure, is coming on.

*Can.* Let it make haste;  
We'll beat it back, with our triumphant host.

*Har.* You cannot, 'till you send that wanton hence:  
She has bewitch'd your senses, mighty lord:  
Her tresses, like to adamant chains,  
Have let all heat, but love, out of your blood.  
When she is gone, your valour will revive;  
But, while she stays, she doth your state consume.

*Can.* No more: Go bid the captains meet me in the  
hall:

Tell 'em, to-morrow early we'll come down;  
And, in strange kind, to all your eyes, we'll shew  
We can command ourself, as well as you. Away.

*Har.* I'll do your will, and hope for good event.

[*Exit.*

*Can.* There is no hell on earth, but discontent.  
I feel my blood grows chill, a sudden qualm,  
In a deep *Lethé*, seems to drown my joys.

*Enter Cartesmunda.*

But, here comes she, by whom those thoughts are gone:  
Earth's happiness; at whose creation,  
Nature spent all her stock. Welcome, my love,  
To make our joys compleat, go deck thyself  
In all the richest gems my coffers yield:  
Wear all the jewels purchased with my crown,  
And outshine *Dian*, in a robe of stars.

*Cart.* For what, my lord?

*Can.* To please mine eyes,  
And make all men admire thy radiency.  
Thy beauty shall out-brave the glorious sun,  
And shine on all, as when the world begun.

*Flourish.*

[*Exeunt.*

A C T



## A C T IV.

*Enter Randal, and his sister, in mourning.*

RANDAL.

**F**Y, sister, weep no more; 'tis time to lay by grief, and, with the death of your late husband, now bury your sorrows.

*Wife.* Shou'd I forget, so soon, so good a husband?

*Rand.* His goodness, was your good; your late dead husband has left you rich, and full executrix, to be over-seen by Mr. *Thornton*, whose care, I cannot pass, without some note: For, though his wealth be raised to infinites, he not forgets a servant's love.

*Wife.* Alas! good brother, I have woo'd him from it.

*Rand.* How, sister, have you woo'd him?

*Wife.* Ay, from civility. Methinks, 'tis unmannerly in me, to see a man, so much in state the better, to be so like a servant to me: I tell you, I have woo'd him from it.

*Rand.* I think it were better far, he woo'd you, sister.

*Wife.* Woo'd me! for what?

*Rand.* For love, sister.

*Wife.* O fy, good brother: The very word wou'd wrong my husband's grave.

*Rand.* Tush, a woman's sorrow has been in black to day, in green to-morrow.

*Wife.* Ay, but I am none of those: No, no, I'll never marry.

*Rand.* Come, you are foolish; think upon him, sister; he's a rich man, I tell you: He's now the wealthiest subject *England* hath.

*Wife.* O, but my husband!

*Rand.*

*Rand.* Which of 'em? he that's gone, or this to come?  
Think of Mr. *Thornton*.

*Wife.* Alas! I am not his equal.

*Rand.* Tush, you were once his better; he's humble still.

*Wife.* Well, I'll speak no more on't.

*Rand.* Well, think on't then.

*Wife.* Hey, ho: He's a very honest man, truly; and, had my husband dy'd but two months ago, I might have thought on't.

*Rand.* How fare you, sister?

*Wife.* As a green widow, sir: Pray, if you see Mr. *Thornton*, say, I'd speak with him.

*Enter Thornton, and a workman.*

*Rand.* Are you there, i' faith, sister? See, he's here, already.

*Thornt.* Spare for no cost, and ply the workmen hard; I'll pay 'em all; they shall not want for money: Have you taken the compass of the wall?

*Workm.* We have, to a foot, sir.

*Thornt.* How many towers of strength may be erected, dividing each distance by a hundred paces?

*Workm.* 'Tis cast already, and the compass makes, A hundred fourscore towers, to grace the battlements.

*Thornt.* How high do you raise the walls?

*Workm.* As you directed, sir, full a hundred foot.

*Thornt.* Right; and twelve in breadth?

*Workm.* Just so, sir; 'twill be a pleasant walk to view the town.

*Thornt.* So I wou'd have it; and, therefore, from the highest, erect a battlement above the platform, four foot high a both sides, both to secure, and make the place more pleasant: See it raised so.

*Workm.* I shall, sir.

*Wife.* O, my dear husband!

*Thornt.* Why, how now mistress?

*Wife.* O! Mr. *Thornton*, I never see you, but I think of a good husband.

*Rand.* Ay, marry, sister, that's a pretty cast.

*Thornt.* Your pardon, I beseech you, gentle mistress: Your factor, and myself, have summin'd your 'state, and find it clearly, all your debts discharged, in compleat value, fifteen thousand pounds.

*Rand.* Ha, ha, sister, a good dowry to get a new husband, trust me.

*Wife.* No, no, I'll never marry again; I'll e'en follow Mr. *Thornton's* rule; you see he lives a bachelor.

*Rand.* Sir, methinks, 'twere good you took a wife, and so leave your own, to your own posterity.

*Thornt.* In all, I'll take my mistress's counsel. Pray, resolve me; had I a mind to marry, which, in your judgment, were the fitter, a maid, or widow?

*Wife.* Truly, I think, a widow, fir; you may imagine, I may speak somewhat in mine own flattery, but, alas! 'tis a state I shall not change:

'Tis for your good; I speak in love, not hate,  
A widow, fir, will best secure your state.

*Thornt.* You counsel well, mistress, and I'll think on't.

*Wife.* The sooner the better too, I can assure you; you'll find much comfort in't; you may elect some young green thing, out of a maiden choice, that may be fury and froward; she may please your eye a little, and other parts about you, but vex your heart, and be a gulph to swallow your estate: If you'll deal wisely, (as I hope you will,) take me a widow, that knows how, and what to do; that has been season'd in a husband's usage, and one that will obey, as you shall honour:

He that will quietly lay down his head,

Let him contract a widow to his bed.

And still, I say, take me a widow, fir.

*Rand.* Why, you say honestly, sister. Do you understand her, fir? she bids you take her a widow.

*Wife.* You are merry, brother.

*Thornt.* Nay, you said so, mistress; speak it again then, for, by my faith, were it not for two things, mistress, I'd come a wooing to you.

*Rand.* Two things? why, three things shall not hinder it: What are they?

*Thornt.*



*Thornt.* My first fear is, the marriage of so much wealth, as ours, compounded, would choak all content, and, with the superflux, change all to cares.

*Rand.* You take good course for that already, fir; your charitable works, so well begun, will help to disperse the over-plus freely.

*Thornt.* You have removed that well; the other is, that the remembrance of my poor estate, which is so publickly proclaim'd to all men, might make my wealthy mistress here, disdain me.

*Wife.* Nay, that's your glory, fir, and cannot be accounted as your shame.

*Rand.* Why, la, fir, she has help'd that herself, now.

*Thornt.* I faith, say then, mistress, (I am a bad wooer, 'tis my beginning) shall it be a match?

*Wife.* I cannot so forget my late lost husband.

*Rand.* Why, this repairs your losses, sister; you lost a good one, and find his equal, with a wealthy purchase.

*Thornt.* Put me in hope, that I may once enjoy you.

*Wife.* I will not marry, fir, these seven years, trust me.

*Rand.* How! this seven years, sister? fy upon't; we may be all dead and rotten, six years before it; come, come, speak in compass, sister.

*Wife.* Truly, brother, under half a year I won't hear on't.

*Rand.* Ay, marry, fir, that was well bated. Speak again, sister, and let it be a fortnight.

*Wife.* A fortnight? no, no, not this month, believe me.

*Rand.* Away, away, a month's too long; hark you, sister, we'll clap it up privately to-night, and the town shall not know on't 'till a month hence.

*Wife.* To-night? O fy upon't! an you love me, brother, let it not be 'till to-morrow morning, I beseech you, for the speech of people.

*Rand.* Afraid of wind: Tush, let it vanish, sister; I say, he shall marry thee to-night.

*Thornt.* Let it be so; and here's an earnest, mistress.

[Kisses her.]

*Wife.* Alas! I kiss coldly in a mourning gown, fir.

*Thornt.* Tush, it shall off, we'll marry, then to bed; Wooing is idle, better to be sped.

*Wife.* Use your own will, sir.

*Rand.* Why, so, 'tis as it should be now; embrace him, sister,

And live in love and wealth, 'bove all admired:

Here's seven years quickly, in an hour, expired.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter king of Scots, Alvred, Malcolm, Edmond, and captains, with drums and colours.*

*King.* Thus far, triumphantly, with good success,  
My princely friends, we have together march'd,  
And, from our northern parts, dispers'd these *Danes*;  
Alone the city *York*, holds firm again,  
Whose buildings we will level with the earth,  
Unless, when summon'd, they set wide their gates.

Give your advice, most princely *Alvred*;

On your fair quarrel, all our fates depend.

*Alv.* Your highness has been fruitful in your love,

Bringing the best that *Scotland* can afford,

In honourable arms, to right our wrong:

Let's forward then, and dare 'em to the walls;

Our horses hoofs shall furrow up their land,

And sow their fields with blood, instead of grain.

*King.* Spoke like the brother of dead *Etheldred*.

Summon 'em to the walls. Drums, beat a parley.

*Enter above, Harold, and soldiers.*

*Har.* The meaning of this parley?

*King.* *Danes*, ye see

All hope of conquest has forsook you quite;

Two thousand of your stoutest soldiers

Fallen already, by our conquering swords:

If ye will yield, affirm it; if not, death

Shall, in his meagre fury, through your host,

Revel, and make a dreadful jubilee:

Then tell us, do you resolve to fight, or yield?

*Edm.* Or leap the walls, and break your necks, before us?

*Malc.* Resolve us quickly, what you mean to do.

*Har.* Yes, with immediate speed; set ope the gates,

And,

And, like a torrent, on their heads, we'll fall;  
The field, and air, shall be their burial.

*King.* On to the field, to arms, my valiant friends,  
Who falls in fight, his life in glory ends. [Exeunt.

*Alarm, excursions. Enter king, Alvred, Malcolm, Edmond, captains.*

*King.* All earthly honours are thine own, fair prince;  
Heaven fights thy cause; the city now submits.

*Alv.* The *Danes* are all expelled, and fled for safety.

*Edm.* The *Danes* are fled from danger, not from shame,  
That still pursues 'em, wherefoe'er they fly.

*Malc.* Let's seek the *Dane*, this love-sick king, *Canutus*.

*Alv.* That's our intentment, my most noble *Malcolm*;  
But we must war securely; all their strength,  
Will now be banded, to oppose our coming;  
And, therefore, whilst you here refresh your army,  
Duke *Edmond*, and myself, will try our friends,  
And, in these north parts, gather up new forces,  
To aid us 'gainst all *Danish* stratagems.

*King.* We like it well; assist us, gracious heaven,  
And, on our righteous cause, thy aid be given. [Exeunt.

*Enter Thornton, Wife, Randal, the partners, workmen,  
and George, with the table of the writing, in golden  
letters, and Grim's speech.*

*Partn.* You've stolen a wealthy marriage, Mr. *Thornton*,  
unawares to all the town; but we are glad we are so well  
deceived.

*Thornt.* Faith, gentlemen, 'twas not t' abridge the nup-  
tial feast, (for that shall have its full solemnity) but from  
some private causes of my mistress.

Whose power retains all former duty from me,  
And, as a servant, still she shall command me.

*Wife.* Not so, sir; I resign that title now; myself,  
and state, are only by your power, to be disposed, and  
sway'd.

*Rand.* Ay, well said, sister: This match was richly  
made, with liking, and with joy, to all the country. And,  
brother

brother *Thornton* (so I'll call you now) I came prepared to give you fit surrender of the last bargain which you purchased of me.

*Thornt.* Your coal-pits, and your servants, brother *Randal*?

*Rand.* Yes, sir; and look you, this is the orator must speak for all; in his mouth they have put the law, and willingness, they have to serve.

*Enter Grim.*

*Thornt.* Who, honest *Grim*?

*Grim.* Yes, sir; and I am the prologue to the play; And for them all I have to say;  
Seven hundred men, in fable wise,  
From forth the coal-pits shall arise:  
Not melting men, made out of wax,  
But such as use spade, and pick-ax:  
Who, when you bid 'em use their skills,  
Shall make a dale of *Mauburn* hills,  
Then raise a mount as high as *Poles*,  
And turn it strait to burning coals.

*Thornt.* This speech, I think, was penn'd on purpose.

*Grim.* I speak deep things; some, sir, of fifty fathom deep; I do it *de profundis*, and no disparagement to the author, that which I have spoken was in as good rhyme, as ent'ring in,

*With hope, a halfpenny, and a lamb's-skin.*

*Thornt.* Ha, ha, thou hitt'st me there, i' faith.

*Grim.* I give you a taste, sir, how you shall find me here; and, as for my seven hundred followers, they are honest *Tartarians*; and whosoever deals with 'em, shall find 'em grim fellows, I assure you.

*Thornt.* *Grim*, thou wert always honest; and, on my word, thy love shall have reward.

*Baily.* Sir, all your works, both finish'd, and intended, are pious, holy, and religious.

*Partn.* And, in the goodness, if you still persevere, You build yourself a house, in heaven, for e'er.

*Thornt.* Heaven have the praise of all; and, look ye, gentlemen, (Reach me the table, *George*) I have, here, repair'd the copy of my first arrival here, which yet hangs  
up,



up, insculp'd on a tileshard; but now 'tis rectify'd, in golden letters, with the same phrase still, only thus alter'd,  
*Here at this west gate, first came Thornton in —*

*Grim.* With hope, a halpenny, and a lamb's-skin.  
 I remember that still, sir.

*George.* How now, *Grim*, are you so saucy, firrah?

*Thornt.* 'Tis well done, *Grim*; I'd ha't remember'd  
 ever:

Go place it over the gate, that all may view it,  
 And witness these great blessings heaven has sent.  
 The reason why I urge this register,  
 To have my memory thus kept in store,  
 Is not my wealth, but to record me poor.  
 Go, see it done.

*George.* For ever may it stand to your renown.

[*Exeunt George, and workmen.*]

*Partn.* And all succeeding fame,  
 While this town stands, still honour *Thornton's* name.

*Thornt.* Amidst these poor endeavours of my love,  
 My careful master must not be forgot,  
 Whose heir I am become; and, for his sake,  
 I will re-edify *Alhallow's* church,  
 Where, in the peaceful bed of death, he sleeps,  
 And build a tomb, for him, cut out in touchstone,  
 (Which, in our *Persian* voyage, was return'd)  
 From whence my golden mineral arrived.

*Grim.* In the likeness of old iron, sir.

*Thornt.* Ay, thou say'st true, *Grim*.

*Grim.* I have wonder'd, a thousand times, old *Iron-smith*,  
 the smith, did not hang himself for refusing the first tun of  
 it; a whoreson coxcomb.

*Wife.* They say you got somewhat by it, *Grim*.

*Grim.* Alas! mistress, a few chips, or so; some ten  
 pounds worth, for a groat, I think, I bought on him.

[*Shout.*]

*Rand.* How now, what mean these shouts?

*Grim.* I think there's some match at foot-ball towards;  
 the colliers against the whole country, cut, and long tail.

*Enter George.*

*Thornt.* What's the news, good *George*?

*George.*

*George.* Prince *Alvred*, and *Edmond* duke of *Thetsford*, are newly lighted, and desire to speak with the town magistrates.

*Thornt.* We shall, with joy, receive him as our prince; And wish, he had as free possession of this whole kingdom, As this town shall give him.

*Enter Alvred, and Edmond*

*All.* See where he comes. All duty to your highness.

*Alv.* Rise, friends, we have your hearts; forbear your knees;

Your true allegiance hath proclaim'd itself,  
That never yielded yet to foreign sceptre:  
You've fortify'd your walls 'gainst all invasions;  
And, in that circuit, gloriously she stands,  
With kind embraces, to infold your friends.

*Thornt.* Our town, our selves, our lives, are all your own,

As the most lawful, and indubitate heir  
To our late sovereign lord, and, to your throne,  
We fall as subjects.

*Alv.* My best of thanks is due to my best friends.  
Which is the man amongst ye, gentlemen,  
That bears the name of *Thornton*?

*Thornt.* Your subject, and your servant, royal sir

*Alv.* Let me embrace you, sir; your goodness speaks  
You nobly: *England* is famed, in this fair town,  
Much honour'd by your virtues.

Our country's conquest, by these *Danish* wars,  
Have not such blazon, from our shame, exhaled,  
As these, your good deeds, now have countervail'd.

*Thornt.* I can do nothing but my duty, sir.

*Alv.* 'Tis worthy praise in all; and trust me, gentlemen,

We have good hope to see a happy day,  
And, once again, make *England* free in peace.

I came now, with my best horsemanship,  
From the *Scotch* army; whose royal king,  
In neighbour amity, is arm'd in my just cause,  
Has past the *Tweed*, with prosperous forage, through  
*Northumberland*;

-All

All holds, and castles, taken by the *Danes*,  
Restore themselves to my subjection:  
The city *York*, is won, from whence I came.

*Edm.* And whilst we forage thus, their king *Canutus*,  
Doating on the beauties of *Cartesmunda*,  
Of his estate so careless now is grown,  
He'll put no arms, but *Cartesmunda's*, on.

*Thornt.* Go forward, noble princes, your work's good;  
And, to encourage it, ten thousand pounds  
I'll lend your grace, to levy soldiers with;  
Which, if you never pay, I'll never ask:  
And, for my own employment, to your aid,  
I'll lend (if you will honour me so far)  
All the full strength *Newcastle* can afford.  
I have seven hundred men that call me master.

*Grim.* Besides bold *Grim*, their chief controller, sir.

*Thornt.* Very true, sir; and these I'll four times double,  
And three months, shall their charge, be mine alone,  
To back your right, and seat you in your throne.

*Alv.* Your bounty far exceeds all recompence.

*Thornt.* 'Tis but my duty still, which I'll not slack.  
Go, *Grim*, and muster my seven hundred colliers;  
To them I'll add two thousand more, of our *Newcastle*  
strength,

And thou shalt be an officer, to conduct 'em.

*Grim.* For a corporal, or so, let me alone with my squadron.  
I dare undertake, with my seven hundred colliers,  
in six days, under ground, to march to *London*; they shall  
dig their way themselves too.

*Rand.* And know 'tis two hundred miles.

*Grim.* That's nothing; I'll march forty miles a day with  
'em, at pleasure; there is no pioneer to be compared to a  
collier, in his coal-pit: If you'll have a dozen cities, as we  
go, undermin'd, and blown up, give but every man a bushel  
of apples to his breakfast, and you shall hear the wind roar,  
and shake the ground, like an earthquake.

*Thornt.* Well, sir, we'll try their valours.  
Go, *George*, get armour ready; and *Grim*,  
Get thou a drum, and marshal 'em.

*Grim.* If you wou'd rake *Hell*, and *Phlegitan*, *Acaron*,  
and *Barrathrum*, all those low countries cannot yield you  
such

such a company. Tara, ra, ra, ra, O brave, master !  
now for a company of conquering colliers Come, George.

[*Exeunt.*

*Thorn.* Now would it please my liege, so far to grace  
His humble subjects, and their new built town,  
To take a homely banquet, we shou'd think  
'Twere royal neighbourhood, to heat our buildings.

*Alv.* We cannot be unkind, though to your hurt ;  
We will dispense with our great haste so long ;  
And, then, from banquets, unto battles, fly :  
Which, heaven, we hope, will guide successfully.

[*Exeunt.*



## A C T V.

*Enter* Harold, Huldrick, Ofrick, captains, and lords of  
Denmark.

*HULDRICK.*

**G**O, let our drums and trumpets, spite of fear,  
Thunder aloud i' the air, and tell *Canutus*,  
His captains do attend to speak with him :  
He promised to come down.

*Har.* Yes, down to the earth.

*Huld.* And in the shameful ruins he prepares,  
With lust, and murder, bury up his name :  
He's known by nothing, but a large defame.  
The city *York*, for want of aid, is lost ;  
And still the foe pursues ; if thus we stand  
To sooth him in this sin, our conquest dies ;  
And we, in blood, must end our victories.

*Enter* Hoffman.

*Hoff.* Give your attendance, lords, the king is coming.

[*A flourish, and drums and trumpets.*

*Huld.*



*Huld.* 'Tis time he shou'd, he has been absent long,  
And done his honour, fame, and country, wrong.  
How did he take your reprehension, *Harold*?

*Har.* It startled him at first; but then, with mildness,  
He did appoint this gen'ral meeting here:  
To what good purpose it inclines, I know not.

*Ofr.* I hope the best. See here he comes, my lord.

*Flourish.* Enter Canutus, leading Cartesmunda, richly attired, and deck'd with jewels, Hoffiman, and gentlemen, attending.

*Can.* Where are our vassals? Lords, attend your charge,  
With all your best of care, and diligence,  
Or, by those stars, whose influence made me great,  
You die in torments. Let not the sun extort from her  
bright rays,

To give a lustre greater than his own,  
Unless the *Alps* have frozen up his flames.  
Let him not, on her smooth front, dart his heat,  
No, not for all his glory, or arch'd throne.

*Omnes.* All health, and honour to the great *Canutus*.

*Can.* Rise in our favour: Vail thy face, my love;  
We must not have thee seen too much by slaves.

*Capt.* Content attend the king, and his fair love.

*Ofr.* Long may she be the mistress of his youth.

*Capt.* And give him heaven on earth.

*Har.* And hell to boot. 'Sdeath, shall we flatter thus?

*Can.* So, now you crouch, and fawn, like daunted curs  
That dare not look the lion in the face. —

Come, *Cartesmunda*, mount *Canutus*' throne. [*Flourish.*

Let me unvail thy face; and tell me now,  
Which of you all, that thus have tax'd my lightness,  
Cou'd (if possess'd of such a gem as this) less value it  
than I:

What think'st thou, *Ofrick*?

*Ofr.* I have not seen the like.

*Can.* Nor ever shall:

What nature had in store, was given to her;  
And can one, crown'd with such a heavenly weight,  
Live, and forgoe, this center of delight.

*Huld.*

*Huld.* Let not these vain affections, royal lord,  
Sway you from reason thus.

*Can.* Ha! what is he?

*Huld.* Do you not know me, sir? the time has been,  
When, in thy battles, *Huldrick* has been seen  
Knee deep in blood, cutting his way by force,  
Careless of life, to free thy royal person;  
And does your mightiness not know me now?  
Then hear the news I bring to comfort you:  
The *Danes*, once stiled by names of conquerors,  
Are now subdued, and slain. The king of *Scots*,  
Banded together with the *English* forces,  
Have late, at *York*, o'erthrown our garrisons,  
And now to *London* march, victoriously;  
Defacing all. — Thy conquer'd cities burn:  
And, in their falls, the flames do rise so high,  
They seem to light the tapers of the sky:  
And since fame's trump, which oft hath summon'd thee,  
Is not so potent as to draw thee forth,  
Thy honour bids me dare thee to the field,  
If thy high spirit be not drown'd by lust:  
Let's arm ourselves for shame.

*Can.* Traitor, thou dy'st, for chasing our high blood:  
O love! thou art unjust: I feel assaults  
Far sharper in my breast, than all the *English*.  
Now love, and honour, with their opposite powers,  
Afflicts my soul, and, with their virtuous strife,  
Plead for my love, my honour, fame, and weal:  
With this man's words, my passions strongly move;  
He, for my fame, and honour, speaks; but, love,  
I am thy martyr now, and must obey;  
For, what is honour, but an aid to love,  
Got in our pride of youth? Yet stay, *Canutus*,  
Think of thy wonted fame, go on and conquer.  
Give me my horse.

*Cart.* What will *Canutus* do?

*Can.* O, *Cartesmunda*! with that heavenly voice,  
Already I am changed; kiss me my best of loves.

*Ofr.* He's changed again.

*Huld.* This strumpet's charms does, sure,

Bewitch

Bewitch him with her sorcery ;  
I'll not endure this shame.

*Enter a Post.*

*Post.* Where is my lord ?

*Can.* Where thou shalt not be long :  
What would'st thou, villain ?

*Post.* Arm, mighty prince ; we have descry'd, at hand,  
The horse and ensigns of the *English* army,  
Troop'd with their leaders, like the gods of war,  
Who, in bright steel, the fields do stoutly bear.

*Can.* And there seek that which thou, vile dog, shalt  
have :  
Come'st thou to fright my love ? *[Kills him.]*

*Huld.* Do not expose a mighty nation, thus naked,  
To the tyranny of lust, *Canutus.*

*Can.* Traitor !

*Huld.* As thou art great, be just ;  
Let not a strumpet's love, work all our ruins ;  
The enemy's at hand, and, from thy side,  
I'll force this painted whore.

*Cart.* Help me, *Canutus.*

*Huld.* What, can you cry ?

*Can.* Wert thou *Love's* minion, slave ; thou thus had'st  
dy'd.

*[Canutus runs at him ; he catches her up in his  
arms, and runs upon his sword.]*

*Huld.* I'll meet it thus.

*Cart.* Oh, I am slain !

*Huld.* I have my happy wish then, welcome death ;  
I dy'd, *Canutus*, to preserve thy breath. *[Dies.]*

*Can.* Sink down to hell. — What has my rashness done ?  
O! *Cartesmunda*, stay thy fainting breath.

*Cart.* My fate is come, great king ; my vestal vow,  
That broken, with my wish, is fallen upon me.  
For your fair love, I sail'd my faith with heaven,  
And, from your hand, my death is justly given.  
Such was my former wish, farewell *Canutus* ;  
And, with my fall, may thy great name arise :  
Live to loud fame, and soar above the skies. *[Dies.]*

*Can.* May all the world die with thee.  
 Sound up our drums, and call our troops together;  
 Now arm with speed; I'll to the field, and fight:  
 Farewel, dear love, whom I of life bereft;  
 For which unwilling act, O pardon me!  
*Canutus'* arms, a while, shall be thy tomb,  
 Then gold inclose thee, 'till the day of doom. [*Exeunt.*

*At one door, Enter Canutus, Harold, captains, with drums, and colours. At the other, Malcolm, Alvred, and Edmond, with drums, and colours.*

*Can.* How harsh these drums sound now; that once, like musick,  
 Did more delight mine ear than *Orpheus'* lute;  
 Sweet *Cartesmundas* death, my senses kill;  
 Like one, long sick, I relish all things ill.

*Enter all the Colliers.*

*Har.* Courage, my lord; see where the *English* stand,  
 Braving your mightiness: Let's set upon them,  
 And never leave, 'till, to their mother earth,  
 They pay their lives as tribute.

*Alv.* Now, what says *Canutus*?

*Can.* That ye all are rebels.

*Om. Eng.* Rebels? —

*Alv.* Stay, let him speak it out.

*Can.* An hundred thirteen years, the *English* kings  
 Have paid to *Denmark*, and our ancestry,  
 An annual tribute of ten thousand pounds,  
 Which you unjustly, and rebelliously,  
 Detain from me, a lawful successor.

*Alv.* 'Tis true, *Canutus*, that the *Denmark* kings,  
 So long our native island hath usurp'd;  
 And whilst they kept within their *Danish* bounds,  
 And left us to enjoy our own in peace,  
 We justly paid our homage fealty.  
 But since your father *Hardiknute* arose,  
 And you succeeding him,  
 Neither content with that, our tribute paid,

But



But would seek our utter extirpation;  
Which, five and twenty years you have assign'd,  
Planting yourselves in *Norfolk, Suffolk, Cambridgeshire,*  
Erecting garrisons throughout our kingdom,  
Against the laws of former articles:  
We now resolve to spend our royal blood,  
And either countervail our former loss,  
Or hazard all we hold, by doubtful battle.

*Can.* That is your answer then?

*Omnes.* Resolved for all.

*Can.* Now, by the high and royal blood of kings —

*Edm.* Swear by the beauteous nun of *Winchester*;  
You oft have kiss'd that book.

*Can.* And that one word,  
Has rais'd more vigour in my active blood,  
Than e'er her beauty flamed my appetite.

*Malc.* It shall be cool'd with better spells than hers.

*All Danes.* Parley no more, *Canutus*.

*Can.* O, *Cartesmund*! from thy gentle arms,  
I fly, to conquer, in war's rough alarms. [Exit.

*Alarms, excursions. Enter Canutus, and Alured.*

*Can.* Why droops thy sword?  
Dost thou despise thy foe? or dost not know me?  
I am the *Danish* king;  
That which all soldiers seek in bloody war,  
May here be gain'd on me, eternal honour.

*Alv.* Pass safe, my lord, I will not fight with you;  
For your fair sister's sake, and her loved memory,  
Keep what I prize, your life, and honour, both.

*Can.* I prythee, take it; I'll yield it willingly,  
And, for I see thou art a faithful lover,  
Let me embrace thy breast, and of my love,  
Bright *Cartesmund*, nun of *Winchester*,  
I'll tell so sad a tale —

*Alv.* I cannot stay to hear it. Hark, great sir,  
War's musick calls me; for *Elgina's* sake,  
I slip the advantage that fate bids me take. [Exit.

*Alarms. Enter Harold, Osrick, captains, and soldiers.*

*Har.* See where he stands; secure him, valiant soldiers:

Never did man so feebly use his sword  
In such sad times of terror. O! my lord,  
Can you, in all this danger, be thus calm?

*Ofr.* Though you neglect yourself, yet prize your honour;

Or, if not that, yet, for your subjects' sake,  
Be pleased to reassume your wonted valour.

*Can.* Can he be valiant that's without a heart?  
Or can a senseless trunk have sense of loss?  
Such have you made me, therefore share the gain,  
And, to these *English*, leave your lives, and fortunes.

*All.* There is no way, but flight.

*Can.* Thank yourselves for't:

Had *Cartesmund* lived, and graced mine eyes  
But with a smile, these *English* wou'd as soon  
Take part with those, that, from *Olympus*, strove  
To pluck down *Jove*, as look upon *Canutus*.  
Sound retreat: The blood of *Cartesmund*,  
Stirs the gods for this revenge; and, if this may  
Appease her angry soul, we get, by losing it.  
Do what ye will, for I will never more taste joy on  
earth:

Her death makes all things poor.

*Omnes.* What shall we do?

*Har.* What else, but fight and die?

And, in our deaths, hide all our infamy.

*Alarm.* Enter Thornton, Randal, and the colliers; they  
fight, and take *Canutus* prisoner, and drive out the rest:  
A flourish, and a retreat sounded. Enter king of Scots,  
*Alvred*, *Donald*, *Malcolm*, *Edmond*, *Thornton*, with  
prisoners; *Grim*, and the colliers, leading *Canutus*, and  
*Ofrick*.

*King.* Thus, from the usurp'd temples of *Canutus*,  
We take the *English* crown, and plant it here,  
To whom, in right, it legally belongs.

*Omnes.* Long live great *Alvred*, our lawful king.

[Flourish.]

*Alv.*

*Alv.* First, to all-helping heaven, due thanks we pay.

Then, next to you, by whom our glories live.

*Grim.* 'Twas I that took him prisoner, my lord; the colliers are the conquerors.

*Alv.* We will reward your valours.

*Har.* Propose a ransom, royal *Alvred*,  
To sad *Canutus*, and his countrymen.

*Can.* Give me no ransom, sir; O, let me die;  
In *Cartesmunda's* death, I brake my vow;  
And, for her sake, I have neglected all,  
And, willingly, have sought mine own sad ruin.  
I'll have no ransom; *Cartesmunda's* dead:  
Let me be bury'd with her; that's all the mercy  
I now will beg of thee, from all thy conquests.

*Alv.* No, great *Canutus*, for I pity thee.  
I call to mind thy royal sister's love,  
Beauteous *Elgina*, worthier than thy nun,  
Whose loving heart was, once, unbosom'd here;  
And, for her sake, I'll like a brother use thee:  
This one condition frees thee, ransomless;  
That you abate the fealty we paid:  
You shall return unto your state, in *Denmark*,  
And, henceforth, even as two brothers live,  
Exchanging embassies of love, and honour.  
And now to you, my worthy countrymen;  
It shall be texted to your lasting fame,  
That your *Newcastle* strength, set *England* free,  
In this day's fair and happy conquest;  
For which, and for thy sake, most worthy *Thornton*,  
We'll give a lasting honour to the town,  
Now beautify'd, by thee, with walls, and towers,  
To which we'll add all noble privilege  
Belonging to a town incorporate:  
And, for your former government of portrieves,  
We here establish it a mayoralty,  
And *Thornton*, as the first, we here create mayor of *New-*  
*castle*,  
With ample power to elect a brotherhood,

And

And choice of sheriffs, to assist thy rule;  
 Your charter shall be drawn with fullest strength,  
 Even with the fairest cities of our realm;  
 This sword confirms it, from king *Alured's* hand.

*Thorn.* Your highness gives us honour 'bove our merits.

*Alv.* We have not yet done all; but what we want,  
 We'll study to requite to thee, and them.

*Grim.* Then since your grace is got into the giving vein,  
 I beseech you, sir, let corporal *Grim* be bold to put a collier's request into your ears.

*Alv.* What's that, *Grim*?

*Grim.* Only this, sweet king; I that, for thy service sake, was corporal, to be warden of your coal-carriers, to provide coals, surreverence, for your highness's own tooth. I'll promise you weight and measure, if none of your officers do purloin, and warm their noses at your fires, in their own chimnies.

*Alv.* A reasonable request: 'Tis granted, *Grim*.

*Grim.* Nay, I'll carry no coals neither, I can tell you; and yet I have another chaldron of curtesies to desire from your kindness; that, in remembrance of *Newcastle* colliers, that have fought so bravely, we may, from henceforth, have the upper shoulder, and the wall, of *Croydon* colliers; and that, if ever they be found with a goose in their sacks, they may be made to stand, a whole market day, in the bakers' pulpit, because they shew'd themselves cowards to their country, and durst not fight against the *Danes*, as we have done.

*Alv.* All this is granted, sir.

*Grim.* Then stand thy ground, old coal of *Newcastle*, and a fig for *Croydon*.

*Alv.* How now, still sad, *Canutus*?

We now must war with love, to raise this siege,  
 Which we will do with banquets, and with revels.  
 Great king of *Scotland*, we are yet a debtor  
 To your kind love, which thus we 'gin to pay;  
 All those our northern borders, bounding on *Cumberland*,



*The Love-sick KING.*

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From *Tine* to *Tweed*, we add unto your crown;  
So 'twas fore-promised, and 'tis now perform'd:  
Most fit it is that we be ever lovers.

The sea that binds us in one continent,  
Doth teach us to embrace two hearts in one,  
To strengthen both 'gainst all invasion.

Look up, *Canutus*, now all's clear above,  
Let *Cartesmund* die, in our new love;  
And let swift fame, thy former glories ring,  
And hide the follies of a *Love-sick KING*.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

*F I N I S.*



THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

That this is to be done, we shall see  
The first thing we shall do is to  
The first thing we shall do is to  
The first thing we shall do is to

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And into the hands of a lawyer  
And into the hands of a lawyer

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